THE RUSSIAN E-BOMB BY T. BALOGH

THE Nation

November 14, 1953
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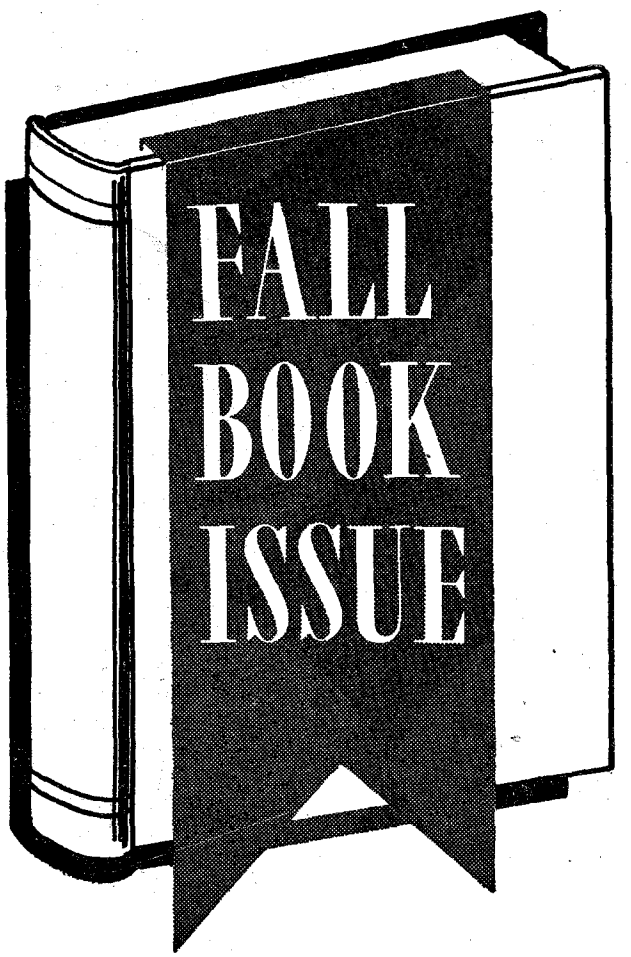

Van Wyck Brooks
Howard K. Smith
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and others

EVERY
WEEK
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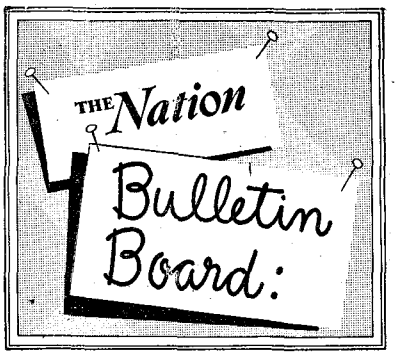

TWO weeks ago we asked readers how they liked the Ray Bradbury short story, The Garbage Collector, which appeared in our October 10 issue. Here's a brief run-down on some of the replies:

Stanley C. Richards of Chicago says tersely: "Gentlemen, No Fiction, Please!" Werner Landshoff of Manhattan agrees; says he's "definitely against short stories of any kind" in *The Nation.* "There is more important material for discussion of vital problems. . . . I do not need to be entertained to grasp the seriousness of our times."

Herbert N. Smith of Suffern, New York, says fiction is out of place but nevertheless he enjoyed the story "because garbage collectors are important people and interest in their status should be aroused. I'm sure we could get along indefinitely without one representative in Washington, but it would be calamitous to be without garbage collectors."

A Peekskill, New York, reader writes: "Fiction that pinpoints social defects and helps give us an objective view of our environment could have a place in *The Nation,* for it would enable us to see situations and problems stripped of pretense or glamour." He's not sure whether the Bradbury story meets those specifications.

More positive about the merits of the story is publisher Henry Schuman: "The Garbage Collector is precisely the kind of fiction that belongs in *The Nation,* for it is a highly successful artistic integration of story with social point. It should take its place with Address Unknown in every important short-story anthology of our time." (High praise—when you consider that Mr. Schuman is *not* Ray Bradbury's publisher.)

Clifford M. Turner of Wathena, Kansas, and Dr. Abraham Warsaski say that they enjoyed The Garbage Collector and want to see more like it.

. . . *NATION* contributor Fritz Sternberg will give a series of lectures at the Beverly-Fairfax Jewish Community Center, 8008 Beverly Boulevard, Los Angeles, California. The subject of Dr. Sternberg's first talk, on November 24, will be The Economic Crisis and Its Effect Upon United States Internal Policy. In other lectures he will deal with the effect of the economic crisis on American-Russian and American-Asian relations.

. . . "Rebels and Ancestors," the new book by Maxwell Geismar, one of our contributing editors and an outstanding critic, was one of 11 books (out of 130 titles named) which received five votes or more in the recent *Saturday Review* poll of critics on "books they consider worthy of the attention of discriminating readers."

. . . We're deeply appreciative of the recent letter from one of our Pennsylvania readers which accompanied a renewal of a subscription: "As so often happens within families," the reader wrote, "there is considerable difference of opinion politically among us. I am in sympathy with your editorial position and am grateful for the integrity and courage with which you maintain it. I hope your ability to continue publication on the same high level of intelligent appraisal of the American and world scene will never be hampered by financial or other hazards." MARTIN SOLOW

Letters

Warren and Steinmetz

Dear Sirs: William Sommers pleased most San Diegans with his plug in your issue of October 10 for Paul W. White, local TV and radio editor, but I am sure that Mr. White has neither the intention nor the opportunity to become "a hurricane," and there are certain inaccuracies of fact and expression in reference to myself that should be corrected.

1. I am not ungrateful to Mr. White in this center of vicious and stupid Copley journalism for his tolerant recognition of news values, but it is surprising to learn that "he campaigned vigorously to get Governor Warren to kill a bill aimed solely at Dr. Steinmetz." Or is Sommers writing now of the summer of 1951, when I was out of the state?

2. Apparently, for he adds, "The Governor did so, and Dr. Steinmetz still teaches here." This is both untrue of 1953 and a non sequitur.

The Governor signed two bills during the early summer which were said to be aimed at me, both of them probably unconstitutional, but if he had not signed them he might not now be the Chief Justice of the United States. It is highly plausible, in the light of your instructive editorial [October 10] on the big opportunist, that Warren bought off in that way the Nixon-McCarthy opposition in his party.

3. Sommers goes on, "Did White agree with Steinmetz? Not at all." At the end of a paragraph describing me as another liberal he calls me "for some twenty years . . . the town radical"! I do not relish the sanctimonious ambiguity. On the air Mr. White had raised an illiberal question about my not knuckling under to the Velde committee during its spring exercises in Los Angeles, but otherwise he had acted as mystified by the cry for my scalp as anybody.

I have been a loyal state employee of California longer than Warren was. This has no relevance to foregoing matters unless and until there is an attempt to enforce against me the wicked bills that Warren signed into law. One defines "unprofessional conduct" to permit virtual disfranchisement of college professors and the other removes California employees from the protection of the Constitution in so far as the Fifth Amendment is concerned. Both bills were sponsored by San Diego solons in Sacramento. HARRY C. STEINMETZ
San Diego

The Citizen and the U. N.

Dear Sirs: I hope that Mr. Gayn's article in your October 24 issue, predicting a somewhat gloomy future for the U. N., proves a false prophecy. And I believe that it might. Here in Chicago bitter and subtle attacks on the U. N. by three of our daily papers seemed to spur citizens to finding out something about that "den of Communists in New York." And with the desire to learn has come a new understanding. We who work in the United Nations Association's Chicago office can testify to hundreds of requests for speakers on the United Nations and point to films that never cool off before they are handed to somebody else to use. And the great siege by those seeking information came when the attacks on the U. N. in this area were the sharpest.

I believe that a constant and steady supply of information is the only weapon that can be used against the hatemongers, crackpots, and special interests that desire the extinction of the United Nations. CECILE R. TRACE
Chicago

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Volume 177, Number 20
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THE Nation

EVERY WEEK SINCE 1865

EDITORIALS

The Shape of Things

Dangerous Trieste

Though growling and twitching a little, Trieste was a sleeping dog; sane diplomacy would have let it lie. As the result of one of the most stupid political moves in recent years—the decision of the United States and Britain to turn over Zone A to Italy—Trieste is now a snarling, bristling issue with large potentialities for trouble. It has inflamed all the nationalist-fascist emotions latent in Italy, set off riotous demonstrations in both Italy and Trieste against the occupation authorities, chiefly the British, and given Marshall Tito a chance for a skilful triple play. Tito has emerged as an advocate of negotiations—on condition that the British-American decision be meanwhile suspended—and at the same time a stout defender of both the sanctity of agreements and the interests of Yugoslavia in the Trieste area. Premier Pella, of course, also agrees to negotiate—on condition that Zone A is turned over in advance to Italy. Presumably he would be willing to discuss allowing Yugoslavia some fragment of Zone B, which Italy also claims but which is at present solidly occupied by the Yugoslavs. By comparison Tito's conditions look modest and reasonable.

While tension mounts, the chance of a workable settlement diminishes. The best hope lies in a retreat by the two Western powers whose incredible decision managed to violate not only the Italian peace treaty but their 1948 promise to give the whole area to Italy—which also violated the treaty! Britain and the United States should now declare firmly that the decision will not be carried out until a conference has been held to discuss the future of Trieste with all the chiefly interested powers. Besides France, Austria should certainly be included, as well as Russia, which was a party to the agreement establishing Trieste as a free territory. Meanwhile order should be enforced upon super-heated patriots of both colors in Trieste and in Italy.

Another Rural Outcry

Secretary Benson's decision to close the seven regional offices of the Soil Conservation Service has aroused the ire of both Republican and Democratic governors and legislators, as well as of such national conservation organizations as the Emergency Committee on Natural Resources and the Izaak Walton League. The loudest and most persistent protest, however, comes from Waters S. Davis, president of the National Association of Soil Conservation Districts, who is telling the 1,300,000 members of his organization that the Administration plans to destroy the present dual soil-conservation system, which has served the country well. Under this system 2,300 soil-conservation districts were organized locally throughout the United States and run by local directors under state law. The Soil Conservation Service supplies specialists to aid members of the local districts to plan conservation; it also supplies heavy machinery. The farmer pays for this service, but he may in turn be recompensed in part by the Production and Marketing Administration. Most of our farmland is now within soil-conservation districts.

According to Mr. Davis, a conservative Democrat from Texas who used to be Republican chairman in Westchester County, New York, abolition of the regional offices of the Soil Conservation Service will subject the local districts to the bureaucratic control of the land-grant colleges and the Extension Service of the Department of Agriculture. He says also that the "blue book" prepared in Benson's office as a tentative outline of G. O. P. farm policy does not even mention conservation as a major objective; conservation becomes simply an item under agricultural education.

The President Behind the President

Representative George H. Bender, Republican, of Ohio, has invited Secretary Benson to explain his soil-conservation policy before a subcommittee of the House Committee on Government Operations. But one question that the Secretary is not likely to be asked concerns the role played in formulation of farm policy by Milton Eisenhower, younger brother of President Eisenhower and himself president of Pennsylvania State College, a land-grant institution. Students of national farm affairs insist that Milton, who believes strongly that federal agricultural policy should emphasize research and education, is the real author of the "blue book," whoever wrote the text. And these experts say that so long as Milton continues to have the ear of the President, no one in the Administration is going to pay any attention to the complaints of Mr. Davis, or the cattle-growers, or anyone else.

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Integrity at the U. N.

A willing slavey of the Washington witch-hunters, former U. N. Secretary General Trygve Lie disdained both the U. N. Charter and the Staff Regulations in his arbitrary handling of staff personnel. He left behind him a Secretariat ridden by fear, beset by inquisitors and tale-bearers, which looked eagerly to his successor to re-establish the dignity, independence, prestige, and sense of security without which no group of international civil servants can operate. But Dag Hammerskjold has proved a broken reed. What Lie sought to do in defiance of U. N. law, Hammerskjold intends to do "legally" by changing the law.

This is the only conclusion to be drawn from the Secretary General's recently published recommendations on personnel policy. He wants regulations changed so that he has authority to dismiss not only for incompetence, misconduct, or physical incapacity—this he already has—but also for "lack of integrity" or in "the interest . . . of good administration." Who is to define integrity? Mr. Hammerskjold. Who is to determine what constitutes a violation of the interests of good administration? Mr. Hammerskjold. Who is to decide what weight shall be given to evidence supplied by the McCarthys against an American employee? Mr. Hammerskjold. Indeed, so great is the discretionary power sought by the Secretary General that the U. N. Administrative Tribunal, originally created by the General Assembly as the court of last resort in personnel cases, is left with little to do except to rubber-stamp decisions, like a kind of board of notaries.

Under such a system there can be no security for any U. N. employee, even those with so-called "permanent" contracts. But even worse is the fact that Hammerskjold, in his haste to assure the McCarthys that no one will work for the U. N. who hasn't got "integrity," proposes to destroy the integrity of the U. N. itself. Meanwhile it comes as stunning anti-climax that the F. B. I. has now completed the investigation of 1,300 of the 1,700 American employees in the U. N.—and has come up with no information justifying reasonable doubt as to the loyalty of a single one of them.

Time for a Change?

In view of the meagerness of the data the amount of speculation and discussion about the recent elections in Wisconsin, New Jersey, New York City, and Virginia has been phenomenal. Seldom have a few special, local elections aroused such intense national interest. While it may be argued that the results do not reveal any clear-cut national trend, nevertheless they are of undeniable significance. In Wisconsin's Ninth Congressional District the vote was light and special factors were involved, of which the most important, perhaps, was the highly

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effective personal campaigning of Lester Johnson. Nevertheless, the significance of the vote as an indication of dissatisfaction among farmers and small-town elements with the performance of the Eisenhower Administration cannot be lightly dismissed.

IN THE New York City election, given the manner in which the campaign finally shaped up, the outcome was easily foreseeable. When Rudolph Halley failed to enter the Democratic primary, he unwittingly insured the nomination of Robert Wagner, Jr., who was certain to win in the three-cornered race that followed. Halley's candidacy was premised on the assumption that Vincent Impellitteri would win the Democratic nomination. Had this happened, the New Deal–Fair Deal elements in the Democratic Party would have been forced to support Halley, the nominee of the Liberal Party. As it turned out, these elements not only won the election but are now in control of the Democratic Party at the city and state levels. While the New York election was not fought on the basis of issues—although there were issues galore—the consequences are of major interest and importance. Carmine De Sapio, who in the peculiar scale of values that must be used to appraise Democratic bosses, rates several notches above the three borough leaders who supported Mayor Impellitteri, is now the chief sachem of Tammany Hall. With the official Democratic leadership vested in the New Deal–Fair Deal elements, Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr.'s, chances for the governorship next year have been notably enhanced.

The New York City elections also indicate that New York voters are taking a rather dim view of Governor Dewey's frantic efforts to disengage himself from the scandals which have beset the Republican Party in the Empire State. If the commission which the Governor has appointed to investigate the harness-racing scandals fails to question G. O. P. National Committeeman J. Russel Sprague and Westchester's "Boss" Bleakley, the investigation will be correctly dismissed as a whitewash. On the other hand, if the commission, as seems most unlikely, conducts a real investigation, the facts disclosed may well destroy the myth of Dewey the Gangbuster. Score the results as you will, it is clear that the Republicans are in trouble in New York.

In New Jersey the Democratic leaders themselves concede that the victory of Robert B. Meyner—the first Democrat to be elected governor in a decade—was largely due to public disgust over the breakdown of law enforcement under Governor Driscoll aided by the revelation that Paul Troast, the Republican nominee, had interceded in behalf of Joe Fay, the convicted labor extortionist now serving time in Dannemora Prison in New York. But the surprising victory of Harrison A. Williams, Jr., in the Sixth Congressional District, is something else again. To be sure, Williams was aided by Meyner's win, by a three-way split in the local Republican organization, and by other special factors. The district is about half "silk stocking" and half industrial. For such a district "Pete" Williams was an ideal candidate: he could wave a C. I. O. card at plant meetings—he once belonged to the Steel Workers—and balance a teacup with aplomb at suburban receptions. Democratic nominees are seldom quite this versatile. Nevertheless, it was a real upset. George Hetfield, the Republican nominee, had the support of the Newark *News,* Newark *Star Ledger,* and the Plainfield *Courier-News* in a district which has not sent a Democrat to Congress since it was formed in 1933. Last year this same district gave the liberal young Republican, Clifford Case, a majority of 54,000; yet Williams carried it by 2,000 votes. One reason he did, of course, was that the voters were annoyed with the Old Guard Republicans who had precipitated Case's resignation—to head the Ford Foundation's Fund for the Republic—when they refused to consider him for the governorship.

This upset cannot be offset by a slight increase in the Republican vote noted in Virginia, which may be readily accounted for by the fact that the Republican nominee was a forceful candidate who waged an aggressive campaign against a second-rater from Senator Byrd's inexhaustible stable of political hacks. In Chicago the Republicans claim a "smashing victory" in having won seven of thirteen contested Superior Court judgeships. But these wins were a by-product of one of the zaniest ballot mix-ups in the city's history; because of a weird technical snafu, few voters knew how to mark their ballots. In Philadelphia, both the Democratic and Republican machines appear to have cooperated splendidly in undercutting the reform administration of Mayor Joseph S. Clark, Jr., but it should be noted that the vote was the lightest recorded in the last twenty years. Of much greater significance was the success of the Democrats in capturing control of previously Republican City Halls in Buffalo, Akron, Columbus, Davenport (Iowa), and New Haven. After this showing the Democrats should have little difficulty in filling their nearly exhausted coffers and in invigorating party activity.

MORE important, however, is the manner in which the results have been interpreted by the Republican high command. In the wake of the elections Senator McCarthy accused the Republican leadership of "ducking issues" by failing to attack the Democratic Party's affinity for "Communists, cronies, and corruption." The comment is significant. No doubt the right-wing Republicans, for whom McCarthy is now the chief spokesman, would like to see the President's political leadership discredited, the better to increase their chances of controlling the 1956 convention. Faced with this threat and disturbed by the recent elections, the President and his advisers

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have apparently decided to outflank McCarthy, and at the same time to escape from the serious troubles which now confront the Administration, by appropriating McCarthy's major tactic. The effect if not the intention of this maneuver will be a surrender by the President to the right wing of his party.

THIS is the clear meaning of Attorney General Brownell's extraordinary attack upon former President Truman. Never in our history, so far as we can recall, has an Attorney General ever before accused a former President of the United States of having appointed a person to high office knowing that person to be a spy. There is no ambiguity about Mr. Brownell's charge: the late Harry Dexter White was a Russian spy; he was appointed executive director for the United States of the International Monetary Fund by Mr. Truman after information had been conveyed to the latter that White was a Russian spy. And Mr. Brownell is careful to note that his speech was cleared by the President. Moreover, "a high Administration source" has let it be known that other accusations of the same sort will be forthcoming. It seems clear, therefore, that Mr. Truman is entirely correct in saying that the Republicans are now engaged in a desperate effort to offset the results of the New York and New Jersey elections. And he is right in adding, "They'll stop at nothing, lies or anything else, to accomplish their purpose. They're scared. They're desperate."

Frankly we are glad that Mr. Brownell has made his accusation and that the President has approved his making it. For the first time, now, we may have a chance to see just what part the F. B. I. and its director, J. Edgar Hoover, have played in the post-war witch hunt. There should be a full open hearing on the charges, and the first witness should be Mr. Hoover, who by Mr. Brownell's account knowingly permitted a Russian spy to hold high public office without making public disclosure of the fact. If the charges are true, then Mr. Hoover should be removed from office for his failure to inform the public that Mr. Truman was consorting with spies and traitors; if the charges are not true, then the F. B. I. stands in need of a more efficient and responsible director. How Mr. Brownell's charges are disposed of thus becomes the test of this basic proposition: can the highest-ranking law-enforcement official in the government accuse a former President of employing spies and traitors and not be forced to prove his charges or face removal from office? We shall have something more to say about this statement of Mr. Brownell's; here it is enough to note its significance as evidence of G. O. P. panic.

It was part of Mr. Brownell's intention, of course, to make headlines that might influence the November 10 special election in the Twenty-fourth Congressional District of Los Angeles. As this issue goes to press, the results are not yet known. The Democratic candidates were Irving Markheim, a nobody, and George Arnold, a young lawyer of impressive liberal family connections: his father is Judge Thurman Arnold; his father-in-law, Drew Pearson. Ordinarily Arnold would have rated little chance to win, but a special factor favored him in the campaign: the split of the Republican vote between two fairly strong contenders—Assemblyman John Collier and Assemblyman Glenard Lipscomb. Collier belongs to the Warren-Knowland wing of the party, Lipscomb to the Nixon-Knight faction—he was executive secretary to Nixon in last year's campaign, and Murray Chotiner, Nixon's Jim Farley, ran his campaign. Every effort was made to induce Collier to withdraw, but the bitterness of the Nixon-Knowland feud and his own annoyance at the way he was pressured kept him in the race. Lipscomb's voting record in the state legislature shows a remarkable adherence to the views of Artie Samish, California's well-known liquor lobbyist now on trial in San Francisco for income-tax evasion.

This election may test the effectiveness of the McCarthy-Brownell tactics. At an important public meeting a week or so ago both Lipscomb and Collier defended McCarthy in the most enthusiastic terms and received scarcely a ripple of applause; but when George Arnold denounced McCarthy at the same meeting he received a long ovation. More recently, the Republicans have attempted to smear Arnold by charging that he was once a member of Americans for Democratic Action!

AN interesting aspect of the New York City election is the resignation of Vito Marcantonio from the American Labor Party after sixteen years' membership and long service as state and county chairman. Clifford T. McAvoy, the nominee of the A. L. P., received only 54,372 votes but, according to Marcantonio, might have received twice as many had it not been for "a minority group which wouldn't even support its own candidate"—an obvious reference to the Communist Party. Unwilling to attempt a purge of this minority which had flirted first with Halley and then with Wagner, Mr. Marcantonio very sensibly decided to resign. This latest débâcle would seem to mark the final break-up of the A. L. P. The Liberal Party fared much better, polling the second highest vote in its history; but its prestige has been seriously impaired by reason of the fact that it was left in the embarrassing position of opposing a nominee of the Democratic Party who had the active backing and indorsement of Adlai Stevenson, Harry S. Truman, Averell Harriman, Senator Lehman, and Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt.

When Maury Maverick left Washington, after a recent visit, with the remark that it was "time for a change" he spoke as a prophet. Surely it is time for a change when an Attorney General of the United States indulges in such offensive political tactics as those which Mr. Brownell has used. McCarthy could do no worse.

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Alvarez del Vayo

The Search for Left-Wing Unity

Paris

IS A new popular front possible? The question is one that many Frenchmen and some foreign diplomats have suddenly started asking, and it is of more than mere ideological interest. Many things depend on the answer: the replacement of the conservative coalitions which have ruled France since first the Communists and then the Socialists left the government by a new center-left combination; the kind of man that will succeed President Vincent Auriol, who has this week reiterated his decision not to be a candidate or accept reelection in December; the future of E. D. C. and of all the plans of the Atlantic coalition. The issue is therefore too important to be discussed in terms of emotion and prejudice.

All the more so, since the man who has given new life to the popular-front idea is about the last politician one could have expected to win the good-will of the left. It is "the man of Munich," "the Premier who in 1939 robbed the Communist deputies of their parliamentary immunity"—to select but two of the many descriptions the Communist press has applied to Edouard Daladier. Only the other day at the rally organized by the Communists at the Porte de Versailles to protest against the European army, when it was announced that a message from Daladier would be read, sounds of dissent and protest rose from the audience. None the less, the same crowd vigorously applauded the Daladier message itself. And only forty-eight hours later he received such stormy applause from the Communist ranks in the Chamber of Deputies that a less experienced politician might have been embarrassed.

What is the secret of Daladier's new popularity? Other public men, belonging to the same party and less vulnerable than he, have attacked the European army—Edouard Herriot, for example. The answer is that Daladier is the first non-Communist, even anti-Communist, politician and the first of the few men who have made history on a world scale —though by no means always in an admirable fashion—to break through the ring of political blackmail which has been paralyzing the left. This blackmail consists in abusing, denouncing, and ruining the career of any man with standing in the country who dares express the same opinion as the Communists or—an even more serious matter—speaks at a meeting also addressed by Communists.

Daladier has countered this long-successful reactionary tactic with the brutal vehemence he has always displayed when attacked for taking a position he considers politically sound. To the communiqué of the executive committee of his party which, without using his name, reproached him for having sent his message to the Porte de Versailles meeting, he made this reply: "On the E. D. C. I am of the same opinion as the Count of Paris [the heir to the French throne], General de Gaulle, and Maurice Thorez [the head of the Communist Party]." And he added: "I repeat what I have said in the Assembly: I shall continue my action against the disguised rearmament of Germany, which can only lead to a third world war, side by side with all those who are opposed to it, whatever their political party or ideology."

Today Daladier is in a position to play a part in the election of the successor of President Auriol, an election which, as the London *Times* puts it, "is no mere formal decision but one in which the world, as well as France, has a high stake." The ex-Premier can deliver 120 votes—Communists and the Radicals who follow his lead—to any candidate opposed to a European army.

But the "Daladier case" is only a single symptom, though the most publicized one, of a new development in French politics. Another former target of the Communists, Jules Moch, once Socialist Minister of Defense and of the Interior, was also applauded by them when he protested against the expulsion of certain students, accused of Communist ties, from the Ecole Nationale d'Administration, a school for the training of higher civil servants.

The Communists, on their part, continue their policy of *la main tendue*—"the outstretched hand." The contempt in which until quite recently they held the neutralists represented by *l'Observateur* and its editor, Claude Bourdet, is well known. But it was precisely to this paper that Maurice Thorez granted his most important interview after his return from Moscow. Confirming the resolution adopted by the Central Committee of the Communist Party on October 23, Thorez declared that the French Communists are ready to make many concessions as the price of rallying a strong opposition to the E. D. C. But Thorez also emphasized the need of broadening that platform and seeking agreement among the forces of the left and center on many other issues, such as wages, production, the protection of French interests, and so on.

None of this should be taken to mean, however, that a new popular front is an immediate political possibility. It is not. Events are certainly moving faster than many people would have thought possible, but there are many obstacles still to overcome, not the least being Socialist reluctance to march with the Communists. The Socialist organ, *Populaire*, is today more severe in its attitude toward the Communists than many conservative newspapers. Former Communists among the Socialists are the most intransigent. One of the few Socialists won over to the idea of collaboration among all the groups of the left told me the other day: "I can permit myself the luxury of advocating a popular front because I am a right-wing Socialist; and I have had no family quarrel with the Communists. But just as you say *Cherchez la femme* in a dramatic situation where only men are visible, so you can now say *Cherchez l'ex-Communiste* if you want to find the key factor in the division of the French left."

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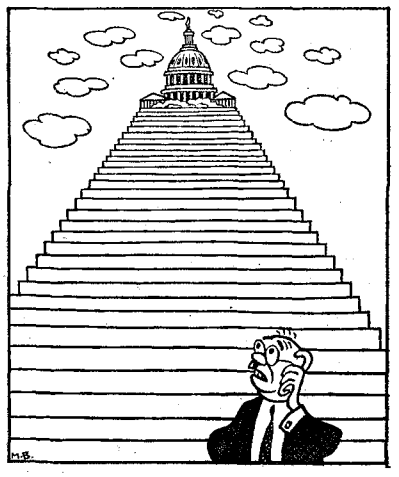
BIG-GOVERNMENT BOGY

Who'd Gain by Smallness? . . . *by Grant McConnell*

THE American people today are being subjected to a campaign which threatens gains as old as this century—gains achieved with what not so long ago was regarded as finality. I refer to the campaign for decentralization of the federal government. "Big government" is the horror with which the campaigners seek to make our flesh creep. Only now and then do we catch the names of the leaders; they are the oil companies, the lumber companies, the stockmen, and the private utilities. At times it seems as if somewhere there must be a coordinating office directing the campaign, so encompassing is the drive. Even the voices of prominent liberals are heard in the chorus denouncing bigness in government.

It is not surprising that particular groups which stand to gain influence by decentralization are found in this "grass roots" campaign. But it is strange to see those who have stood firmly on the side of conservation, who have championed the fair distribution of both the burdens and the benefits of government, rushing to present the arguments of others whose purposes are far more narrow and specific. Not all the arguments are on one side. Nevertheless, it behooves all of us, particularly liberals, to weigh the costs as well as the benefits of any scheme for decentralizing the government.

The strongest argument for decentralization is that large organizations are slow to move. A second is that large organizations are wasteful; apparently size does not bring the same advantages to government as to the A. and P. Third, it is said that possession of a great deal of power breeds incompetence and corruption. This belief is based partly on the fact that greater competence is



required to manage a large than a small organization. The corrupting aspect of power, again, is familiar, although some powerful men, Lincoln to name one, have been uncorrupted. A fourth argument, that centralized government removes administrators far from their actual field of operations, tends to undervalue the changes which the airplane and the telephone have wrought. Nevertheless, it is often taken as an explanation for the lack of human understanding shown by administrators for the people at the bottom. The arrogance of office is a real problem, but there is little reason to associate it only with large organizations. Indeed, it can be argued that the worst offenders are the little bureaucrats. Actually this is an evil of bureaucracy, and the size of the organization has little to do with its cause or cure.

THE FIFTH argument is by all odds the most important. It is so important, indeed, that it dwarfs all the others. It is the assertion that big government cannot be controlled by the citizens, that it is irresponsible government. Just what is the truth of the matter? Here the question must be asked: A responsible government is responsible to whom? If the responsibility is to a particular locality, there can be little doubt that administration or government from a distance is likely to decrease it, since the distant officer will have a responsibility to other localities as well. Yet beyond this question lies another which is more important. What is the proper unit to which responsibility is to be related? What basis is there for choosing the neighborhood, the county, the state, the nation? All are in some sense abstractions.

We seem to be forgetting that this fundamental problem is one with which the nation has been struggling for its entire history. The framers of the Constitution gave it deep thought. Probably no one has dealt with it more searchingly than James Madison, who said:

> The smaller the society, the fewer probably will be the distinct parties and interests composing it; the fewer the distinct parties and interests, the more frequently will a majority be found of the same party; and the smaller the number of individuals composing a majority and the smaller the compass within which they are placed, the more easily will they concert and execute their plans of oppression. Extend the sphere, and you take in a greater variety of parties and interests; you make it less probable that a majority of the whole will have a common motive to invade the rights of other citizens; or if such a common motive exists, it will be more difficult for all who feel it to discover their own strength, and to act in unison with each other.

Thus, in his own time Madison saw the danger of rule by small majorities which would have the inclination and power to behave in an overbearing fashion. What we perceive today is that, by the very same route traced by Madison, groups much smaller than majorities can effectively grasp the machinery of government and make it do their bidding. Decentralization of government is one of the most effective devices available to enable highly organized interest groups to seize power.

There is a rule of politics which Elbridge Gerry applied in a special and classic fashion. Nearly everyone has

GRANT MC CONNELL, author of "The Decline of Agrarian Democracy," teaches political science at the University of California.

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heard of the gerrymander, the device by which shrewd party politicians insured the victory of their party by the way they drew the lines of their constituencies. The rule is this: it is always possible to make your own minority the majority if you can draw the boundaries of the unit of government sufficiently small. The gerrymander is only a special form of this rule.

FOR THOSE who are inclined to pay the price of minority government and heightened influence for organized interest groups in the hope that by decentralization they will forestall strong national political power, there is a further consideration. In our society geographical lines are less important than economic lines. By the familiar device of log-rolling, interest groups which have nothing in common but are not antagonistic can form alliances on a national scale which amount to a centralization of power much more threatening than any that can come from geographical centralization. This is occurring at the present. In time it could amount to class rule. After all, there was more than coincidence in the facts that feudalism and decentralization went together and that nationalism and democracy arose at the same time.

Perhaps this is abstract. However, the persistence with which many good liberals cling to the dogma of small government units as the essence of democracy makes some analysis necessary. These liberals find themselves in a dilemma: they want little government but find themselves arrayed alongside the interest groups that would strip us of our national heritage of land, power sites, timber, oil, and other natural resources and constrict the social services which bitter depression taught us were necessary. They ought to know that they are on the wrong side of the fence and why.

In actual practice today can it be doubted that if the forests were given to the states, the influence of the lumbermen would be vastly increased? Is an oil company larger in Baton Rouge or in Washington? Will the Pacific Gas and Electric Company have more influence in California's Central Valley project if that project is operated by the federal or by the state government? Not a great deal of subtlety is required to answer these questions. They are evaded by liberals only because of an outmoded and mistaken dogma.

One more point sometimes made by the advocates of little government is worth attention. It is that only in small units is participation in government possible. Only when your leader is a neighbor can you watch him; only when the group is small can discussion operate. Here we have two persistent delusions about our democracy. The first is that we know more about local affairs than we do about national affairs. Yet while most citizens know who is President, who their Senators are, even their Congressmen, how many know their state senators, their assemblymen, their aldermen?

The second delusion is that we can conduct the affairs even of a small city or a county by discussion. This is the delusion of direct democracy. Maybe direct democracy would be desirable. Nevertheless, it is impossible, and we don't even in theory rely on it. We have representative government and hope to secure responsibility by a party system. We ought not to sabotage what we have by acting on a theory that is both illusory and not our own.

In some senses we are not yet a national community. It is a wrench perhaps for a resident of Wyoming, say, to acknowledge that a New Yorker has an interest in the mountains of his state; it may be hard for a logger to comprehend that a city dweller is concerned with the trees that to him seem to beg for cutting. Yet both are true. By letting men of other localities and other interests share in the determination of policies affecting our own localities and interests, we are giving up some of our voice in matters of importance to us. But they are also matters of importance to others. We should not forget that it was a *nation* which our forefathers brought forth upon this land. The government they created was intended to be a government for *all* the people.

NOBODY'S BUTLER

Except Maybe McCarthy's . . *Odell M. Smith*

Baltimore, Md

THE people of Maryland in 1950 astounded the whole country when they cashiered the mighty Millard E. Tydings and tendered the seat he had occupied in the Senate for thirty years to a Baltimore lawyer who up to that time had achieved no reputation, even in his own state, beyond that of a modest success in the practice of law.

When Attorney General Herbert Brownell, Jr., reporting on that campaign a few weeks ago (October 16), announced that the Department of Justice could find no evidence of a violation of federal laws in the Maryland election, John Marshall Butler, who accomplished what Franklin D. Roosevelt was unable to accomplish in his 1938 "purges," said he was "very happy to hear the news," and in one of his rare pronouncements upon this now celebrated election declared there was "nothing wrong in that campaign."

Of course there was nothing in the Brownell verdict to warrant such a sweeping conclusion. The Attorney General was very careful to state that his investigation disclosed no "public offense defined by federal statute." And Senator Butler will be fortunate indeed if by

ODELL M. SMITH is a Baltimore newspaperman who covered the Butler-Tydings Senatorial campaign in 1950 and the Senate hearings which followed.

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1956 he is able to convince his constituents that there was really nothing wrong in that campaign.

The people of Maryland knew little of the man John Marshall Butler when they elected him Senator in November, 1950. They and the rest of the country have learned a great deal about him since. Today the national spotlight is on him as author of the Butler bill to hand over to the Subversive Activities Control Board the responsibilities for "policing" trade unions. [This bill, which could affect profoundly the independence of organized labor, will be analyzed in next week's issue by Laurent B. Frantz, co-author of Does Silence Mean Guilt? The measure is scheduled for early committee hearings.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

IN THE winter and spring of 1951 a Senate subcommittee of two Republicans and two Democrats was given the task of inquiring into some of the shady aspects of the Butler-Tydings campaign. They reported that they found, on the Butler side, "two campaigns within one," describing the one as a "dignified 'front-street' campaign conducted by the candidate Butler in his speaking coverage of the state." The other, they said, was a "despicable 'back-street' type of campaign . . . conducted by non-Maryland outsiders" in a manner "designed to undermine and destroy the faith and confidence in the basic American loyalty of a well-known figure." That figure was, of course, former Senator Tydings.

At the time that this body of his peers was passing judgment on him John Marshall Butler already had taken his seat in the Senate. It was five months after the election but was the first opportunity Maryland voters had had to view the sordid back street in which most of the campaign had been conducted. Until that time they had not known that the inexperienced Mr. Butler virtually had deserted his headquarters, leaving it in the hands of a clever Chicago press agent who took orders from Senator Joseph McCarthy and a niece of Colonel Robert McCormick, of the Chicago *Tribune*. Some of them had seen the scurrilous campaign "flier," "From the Record," which questioned the loyalty and patriotism of the archtory, Tydings, but had not known that it was the handiwork of Senator McCarthy, printed on the presses of Colonel McCormick's Washington *Times-Herald*. Nor had they known before that it was in fact Senator Owen Brewster, subsequently rejected by his own Maine Republican constituents, who had selected Butler to be Senator.

In short, the people of Baltimore, Frederick, Kitzmiller, and Pocomoke City never before had been told that it was Jon Jonkel, the Chicago press agent, who combined the McCormick brains, the McCarthy cunning, and the money of

Senator Butler

Texas and Oklahoma oil millionaires to elect a Republican Senator from Maryland.

To his credit, it can be said that the part of Mr. Butler's campaign conducted in the open was, as he said it would be at the outset, "vigorous but completely honest." His speeches were dignified discussions of the issues of the day. He pounded hard at the Truman Administration, emphasizing, as was to be expected, the part Senator Tydings played in that Administration. He accused the Tydings committee of a "whitewash" in its investigation of Communists in the State Department, but so did—and do—many others. And while the validity of that charge may still be uncertain, it is doubtful whether even Senator Tydings, vigorously as he had denied it, would seriously contend it was not a proper subject for debate.

On the basis of this open record it should have been simple enough for Senator Butler to clear himself of every trace of suspicion had he chosen to repudiate, or even to recognize, some of the errors committed in his name. In their report the four Senators of the subcommittee—Hendrickson of New Jersey and Smith of Maine, Republicans, and Monroney of Oklahoma and Hennings of Missouri, Democrats—gave every indication that they would have been pleased to absolve him of all guilt and place the blame upon others.

But this the Senator would not do. He named the man who supervised preparation of the disreputable campaign tabloid as his first administrative assistant. He made no effort to explain why, in violation of Maryland law, he, a lawyer who could be presumed to know that law, appointed a campaign manager not legally a resident of the state. And he insisted that Jon Jonkel, who was convicted and fined $5,000 for the offense, was "one of the ablest and finest men I've met."

It was almost on a note of sadness that the four Senators of the subcommittee concluded their report. "To this date," they said, "Senator Butler has not disclaimed responsibility for the tabloid, the fake photograph, or any other aspect of his campaign under investigation."

IN THE END they seemed unable to decide whether to scorn or pity John Marshall Butler. They said, on the one hand, that there was "no specific evidence" that Mr. Butler had full knowledge of the acts committed by Jonkel and others, or that he was aware of the "illegal manner in which his campaign manager [Jonkel] handled the Butler campaign finances." On the other hand, they said that although he could "escape the legal responsibility for these acts of his agents," he must assume the moral responsibility for allowing the campaign to sag to the "low level of exploiting the doubt as to the loyalty of former Senator Tydings." And they noted the "ample evidence" that Mr. Butler had personal knowledge of publication of the tabloid—a campaign tour de force which was described by Senator Butler's own campaign treasurer, Cornelius P. Mundy, as "stupid, puerile, and in bad taste," and which, as the committee observed, was "too odious even" for Jonkel.

It was in this four-page tabloid that appeared the now infamous composite photograph, faked by a McCormick-trained managing editor to give the impression that Senator Tydings was in intimate accord with Communist Earl Browder.

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Miss Jean Kerr, now Mrs. Joseph McCarthy, told the four Senators, all of whom were obviously revolted by the paper, that it represented to her "the type of literature that should go out in campaigns." "The voters," she said, "should be told the truth about what is going on, and certainly this did it."

Incidentally, the McCarthy wedding party in Washington some weeks ago was somewhat like a curtain call for the bit players in this 1950 Maryland political tragi-comedy. The bride herself, in addition to the refreshing remarks about the tabloid, was, in the words of the subcommittee, a "courier of funds and information, delivering campaign contributions from Washington to campaign headquarters in Baltimore and, under the direction of Jonkel, contacting printers of campaign literature in both cities."

The matron of honor, Mrs. Robert E. Lee—wife of the new member of the Federal Communications Commission—was the "Mrs. Rex Lee" in whose name a separate bank account was established in Washington for Butler campaign contributions, the actual distribution of which, the subcommittee said, "has never been accurately determined."

A bridesmaid, Mrs. Garvin Tankersley, was that niece of Colonel McCormick who subsequently married the managing editor who put together the faked Tydings-Browder photograph. And one of the ushers was Ray Kiermas, who set the stage for the "midnight ride" of a Baltimore printer named William Fedder—a Falstaffian episode of the campaign in which the printer, in the words of Senator Tydings, was "virtually kidnapped" by three of McCarthy's strong-arm men in a dispute over the printing of some campaign literature.

WITH ALL these facts, it may be more difficult than Senator Butler thinks to convince Maryland that there was nothing wrong in the campaign. Legal or not, the events were of such nature as to injure the pride of Maryland, whose people are of a temperament still Southern enough and provincial enough to resent intrusion. Many who might be inclined to overlook the unlawful aspects of the campaign would refuse to forgive Senator Butler for allowing himself to become captive to crafty and unscrupulous Middle Western outlanders.

John Marshall Butler was no great Maryland hero, even after the impressive victory over Senator Tydings. But he has been held in high esteem in Baltimore, where he was born and has lived. Certainly before 1950 nothing even remotely suggesting the irregular had ever been associated with his name. He had modest beginnings, and his career up to the time he was elected to the Senate was unspectacular.

As a boy he sold newspapers, was an office boy, and worked for $3 a week in a mattress factory. He was a private with the A. E. F. in France in 1918, and on returning from the war went to Johns Hopkins University for two years. He was a star tackle on the Hopkins football team. He married into a wealthy and distinguished Maryland family and, in Baltimore at least, achieved some reputation as a lawyer.

In appearance he is poised and handsome—180 well-distributed pounds on an erect six-foot frame. He has deep blue eyes under heavy eyebrows and lashes, graying sandy hair, and a youthful ruddy face. One of the earlier mottoes of the Butler campaign was: "He Looks Like a Senator." It was discarded after a few weeks' trial, not because it was inane, but because the astute minds that perfected the technique of the "big doubt" understood well enough that it would take heavier armament to dislodge the redoubtable Senator Tydings. ("It might be an exaggeration," said the subcommittee in its report, "to call this 'backstreet' campaign a 'big-lie' campaign. But it is certainly no exaggeration to call it a 'big-doubt' campaign. In fact . . . Jon M. Jonkel himself characterized the campaign strategy as 'exploiting the big doubt'.")

Since Senator Butler and the Republican Governor Theodore R. McKeldin are now the dominant political figures in this "marginal" state, it is interesting to compare the careers and personalities of the two men. Both were poor city boys, resourceful and ambitious enough to educate themselves in night schools. Both became lawyers, but McKeldin chose politics and the public tribune as a foundation for his career. Butler's main interest was in law as a profession. McKeldin is warm-hearted, gregarious, one of the multitude. He preaches from Protestant pulpits, carries a rosary, and fasts on Yom Kippur. Butler cuts a good figure at the country club but looks uncomfortable when, like all Maryland politicians, he must shake hands with an oyster shucker.

Likewise, in political orientation the two are poles apart. McKeldin was a Republican maverick until he proved to the bosses that the strongest man in politics is the one who can command the most votes on election day. He was first a Dewey man and then an Eisenhower man—an internationalist whose views on foreign policy have been much closer to Dean Acheson's than to Colonel McCormick's. Since Butler has been in the Senate he has gravitated toward the conservative, isolationist, Middle Western wing of the party. His attitude toward Taft was that of a hero-worshiper. His closest associates in the Senate now are Dirksen, Capehart, Welker, Millikin, and McCarthy.

THE MARYLAND senior Senator has built no "labor record" as such, or had not until he drafted the bill to give the Subversive Control Board power to outlaw unions designated as Communist-dominated, accused former Secretary Martin Durkin of shielding "New Dealers and crypto-socialists" in the Labor Department, and embarked upon his most recent role of leader of a Senatorial "task force" to chase the remaining Communists out of the unions. The C. I. O. Political Action Committee, with its own special yardstick, has him tagged "wrong" on just about every vote he has cast on such matters as taxes, general welfare, and economic controls. Union locals back home, in their estimate of the Senator, have given less attention to statistics of performance and relied more heavily upon instinct and general impression. It is no secret, even to Senator Butler, that they do not trust him. One C. I. O. official, comparing Senator Butler with his junior colleague, Senator J. Glenn Beall, who has never pretended to be a favorite of labor, said: "Beall usually votes against us, but he is friendly and gives us what we think is a fair hearing. We can't even talk to Butler."

Senator Butler is considered generally, by Republicans and Democrats alike, as the most vulnerable of all public officeholders in Maryland. It is a little strange, then, that he has done apparently nothing since 1951 to bolster his weak

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points. With none of McKeldin's talent for vote-getting, he has made no move to capture the imagination of the masses. His appointments have been unpopular, strengthening the conviction of Republican ward-heelers that he has no interest in maintaining the party organization. Strangest of all is his persistent enmity toward Governor McKeldin. By all accounts, the ill feeling is intensified by Butler's headstrong and unrealistic assumption that his position as a United States Senator entitles him to the highest voice in party councils.

It is safe to predict that unless he improves his position considerably, Senator Butler will be a prime target for the ambitious in both parties by 1956.

RUSSIA'S E-BOMB

The Real Threat Is Economic . . *by T. Balogh*

London

DR. ADENAUER'S victory in West Germany forces us to consider once more whether the West's almost exclusive concentration on the military aspects of the Soviet threat may not be a tragic mistake leading the democracies into war and ruin and bringing ultimately the triumph of totalitarianism.

German rearmament was decided on in the autumn of 1950, when in the words of Walter Lippmann it was thought that "what happened in Korea could be taken as a rehearsal in miniature of what would probably happen in Europe." Even in 1950 this conclusion was based on fears rather than facts. Whatever may have been the exact sequence of events in Korea or their motivation, the story of the Berlin blockade certainly did not indicate that Russia was preparing military aggression. Then, when Western military preparedness was at its lowest point, was the time for attack; but Russia climbed down. And it made no attempt to overrun Tito even before he had the West's backing.

Since then the rearmament of the West in conventional weapons has gone far enough to readjust the balance of power. The military reasons for the near panic in the West have disappeared. There can be little doubt, moreover, that the original purpose of the United States action in Korea has been achieved. Moscow and Peking have learned that further probing for weak spots in the outlying regions of the Western world will lead to full-scale war. Already before the death of Stalin the signs showed that Korea was an exception to the rule. Since then Malenkov has granted substantial concessions to the consumer in Russia and the satellite countries, and further costly efforts will be made to increase food supplies. Expenditures on conventional arms—excluding the atom bomb—have not been stepped up. At present, therefore, it seems to be the planned civilian economic achievements of the Soviet Union—hitherto completely ignored in Western economic and military strategy—which threaten the cohesion of the Western world. This threat, together with the spectacular change in Soviet diplomacy, suggests that it has become imperative for the Western powers to reconsider their strategy.

A CORRECT appraisal of the Soviet economic system and its potentialities is not easy for us. All our traditions revolt against acknowledging its tremendous dynamism. Success in the economic field could surely not accrue to a system so cruel and despotic; it must be reserved for free private enterprise and the rule of law. That economic success might not in itself be sufficient proof of moral excellence is too disturbing a thought.

Attempts are continually being made to demonstrate the failure of Bolshevik economics—especially by disillusioned ex-Communists like Koestler—by pointing out that consumption standards have not been raised, and have even been lowered, under the regime. This argument fails to take account of the fact that after 1932 the Russians concentrated on armaments. The startling success of the Soviet war effort showed how dangerously misleading had been the ex-Communist appraisal of Soviet economics. At the height of the war Russia produced almost 50 per cent more munitions than Great Britain, despite the fact that the Germans had overrun and destroyed almost half of its manufacturing capacity. This contrasts sharply with Russia's negligible output of munitions in the First World War.

No doubt Soviet statements must be taken with more than a grain of salt, but we must not fall into the opposite error of dismissing them out of hand. Western experts have been helped by the acquisition of a copy of a pre-war Russian plan which confirms their methods of correcting Soviet statistics and enables them to form an adequate if not wholly accurate judgment of Soviet economic developments. After correction for overstatements the evidence indicates that the annual increase in total Russian output has been at least 6 or 7 per cent, compounded. It might be as high as 9 per cent. The rate of growth of manufacturing alone has been possibly as high as 11 per cent. This means that Russian production is doubled every twelve years at the longest. The annual increase in American manufacturing capacity since the war has been roughly 6 per cent, compounded, and the British increase until 1950 was about the same. Production in the West as a whole increased much less. Since 1950, however, even British manufacturing output has not increased significantly. The situation in France is similar.

Soviet output per head has already surpassed that of Italy and in 1955 will probably catch up with the 1951

T. BALOGH, a fellow of Balliol College, Oxford, is a member of the economic subcommittee of the British Labor Party Executive and of the Executive Committee of the Fabian Society.

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French figure. The Soviet output of energy per head—coal, oil, and hydroelectricity—will be only 20 per cent lower in 1955 than the 1951 French output of energy per head, despite the more widespread use of wood for domestic heating and the slightly greater steel consumption per head in Russia. Yet the French output was sustained only with substantial American aid. At the same rate of progress Russia will have reached by 1960-62 the British output per head of 1951. Since the Soviet Union has a population of more than 200,000,000, this means that it will soon enjoy a vast absolute preponderance over Western Europe unless energetic action is taken by the West.

Consumption in Russia has been continuously increasing since 1946. Here again, the new Five-Year Plan and even more decisively Malenkov's first budget seem to represent a break with the past in so far as they increase the share of investment going to light industry, building, public utilities, and agriculture. The targets in wheat, potatoes, and fats originally set for 1955 but likely to take somewhat longer are higher than French consumption was in 1951. Average Russian consumption seems already higher than the Italian average. Perhaps even more interesting is the fact that it is planned to raise the consumption of wool in Russia by 1955 to half the present French amount and to raise cotton-cloth consumption substantially higher. The output of boots will be about equal to the present French output.

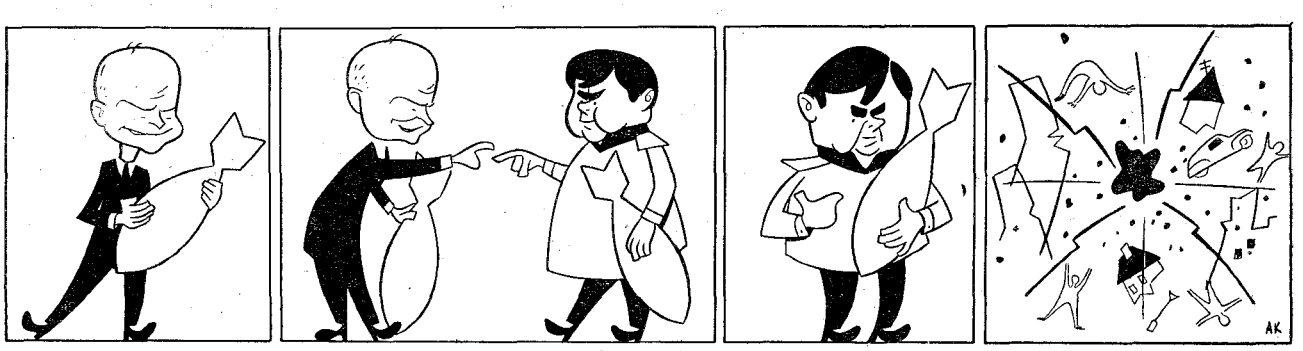
No doubt the Russian figures conceal very considerable quality differences in favor of France or Britain. Moreover, Western Europe, including Italy, benefits from a vast stock of consumers' equipment. Thus current output is not by any means an exact indication of actual living standards. But as time goes on, this difference is bound to decrease in importance. The approach of the Russians to Western European consumption standards seems startlingly rapid in view of the abysmally low levels from which they started.

THE MOMENTOUS change in Soviet policy foreshadowed by the new Five-Year Plan and affirmed in Malenkov's first budget occurred when Soviet capacity was still significantly inferior to the West's. Russia's current output of steel is expected to be 38,000,000 tons against over 50,000,000 tons in Europe and well over 100,000,000 in the United States. In the production of energy, a good index of industrial power, the difference is still greater. Doubtless for a short war it is actual armaments and mobilized man-power that count. But the Kremlin, unlike Hitler, can be under no illusion about being able to subdue the West piecemeal or by a sudden attack and thus to avoid the crushing effects of American productive superiority.

On the other hand, the psychological effects of rising consumption standards are bound to be momentous. Russian consumption, historically Oriental, now begins to approach European standards. We must face the fact that the Soviets, driven by a ruthless dictatorship, have proved able to maintain a high rate of expenditure on both armaments and civilian capital development and at the same time to improve the standard of life. Only the United States has been able to do this. Western European consumption per head has not risen much in the last twenty years, and since 1950 it has fallen in all countries except Germany. Civilian investment, already insufficient, had to be curtailed in Europe to permit rearmament.

Fortunately, the gap still remaining between Russian and Western productive capacity gives us some time to readjust our policy. If a preventive war unleashed by the West is excluded—and democracies, especially if threatened with atomic attack, are hardly capable of envisaging war as an act of deliberate policy—we must try to devise measures that will significantly speed up economic development in the poorer Western countries. Such measures must include, first of all, a juster distribution of the burden of common defense: the Western European countries should not have to cut consumption and investment while the United States is able to increase both. In addition, grants and low-interest-bearing loans must be provided for the poorer areas, as well as technical advice and assistance. Finally, an attempt must be made to stabilize economic activity at a high level. The new approach involves, in fact, all those measures which have been fought successfully since 1946 by the conservative coalition in Congress and which are still anathema to the Republican Party.

In the absence of a deliberate policy of this sort the rapidity of Soviet progress will have a fatal attraction for those areas of the world which are inadequately endowed with natural resources and capital equipment and which have never accepted our concepts of democracy. If Russia's continued growth contrasts with stagnation in the West and if differences in the distribution of wealth, among persons and among nations, increase, the political challenge of Russia may be difficult to meet. Our present almost exclusive concentration on the military aspect of the Soviet threat may well be a dangerous trap in the contest for men's souls.



I Have the Bomb *You Have the Bomb* *He Has the Bomb* *We Have the Bomb*

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INDIA'S SILENT REVOLT

Gandhian Land Reform . . . *by J. K. Banerji*

Calcutta

"A SILENT revolution is taking place in the rural areas," wrote the Socialist leader Acharya Kripalani in his weekly *Vigil,* in an article on the *bhoodan,* or land-gift, movement. The goal of this movement, which was launched by Vinoba Bhave, a fifty-nine-year-old frail but indomitable disciple of Mahatma Gandhi, is to obtain for the people, as a gift from the landlords, some 50,000,000 acres of land, or one-sixth of all the cultivable land in the country, by the end of 1957. Progress has been slow in relation to what remains to be accomplished—in about two years from 1,500,000 to 1,900,000 acres have been given away by landlords for distribution among the poorest of the farmers—but the results have convinced the authors of the movement that here at last is the answer to the land problem. If their program can be carried out, they believe that the technique of using moral suasion instead of violence and class war will completely change the face of the Asian revolution which is struggling to effect the transfer of land from its feudal owners to the actual tillers. It would mean the complete discrediting of the Marxian theory that physical conflict is inevitable.

The *bhoodan* movement has gained more and more adherents in India since the Socialist Party indorsed it as capable of achieving India's agrarian revolution. Outside India it is bound, by its very nature, to attract increasing attention; already delegations of students from the United States, Canada, Yugoslavia, and Malaya have visited the field of operation of Vinoba Bhave in Bihar to study the response of the people.

The nature of *bhoodan* becomes clearer when the circumstances that gave rise to it are known. Soon after the war a Communist land movement was launched in Telengana in the state of Hyderabad in central India. The Communists used the orthodox technique of seizing the land by force and became so strong that the Nizam's police and army could not cope with them. Even New Delhi, using the Indian army, had difficulty in suppressing them.

Vinoba Bhave

The Telengana experience inspired Vinoba Bhave to start his own land-reform movement. Here was a chance to prove the superiority of the Gandhian method of solving political and social problems. Incidentally, the idea of stopping the Telengana Communists from spreading into other areas was not absent from Vinoba Bhave's mind. This frail ascetic went on grueling pilgrimages from village to village to beg the landholders to make spontaneous gifts of land to the peasants because he saw clearly that a terrible struggle between landholders and the landless was imminent in India. In a speech delivered in 1951 he said: "I want to avoid that struggle. It will not be possible unless those who possess land come forward to give up a reasonable share of it voluntarily."

Speaking before a meeting of Congress Party workers at Nagpur in the same year, he was even more emphatic. "You can't expect people in whose belly a fire is raging to keep quiet and gape at you," he said. "They are bound to redress their grievances through either a violent or a non-violent revolution." Unless the land was redistributed, he saw no possibility of peace in the country.

"The land problem must be solved," he wrote to the Communist leader S. A. Dange after his tour of Telengana. But in his view it must be solved in a manner consistent with the justness of the cause. A true Gandhian, to him there could be no separation between means and ends. He sought to bring about a "change of heart" among the landlords so that they would cheerfully donate a "reasonable share of their land" to those who had none. He said: "My object in asking for pieces of land is to create a sense of love among men as among the members of a family, to instil in them a sense of duty so that the literate will help the illiterate, the wealthy the poor, the strong the weak." The Communists who redistributed the land in Telengana had for him "completely lost their case by adopting violent methods."

WHILE ADMITTING the negative purpose of the land-gift movement, namely, prevention of a violent revolution, its theoreticians assert that it is also an effective method of securing the economic and spiritual emancipation of India's peasant masses. Everyone who holds land, they preach, must work on it for the benefit of the community. Since this means rejecting private property in land, the land-gift movement, they say, transcends the program of the Communists, who claim to be the best friends of the poor peasant. Its inherent superiority, they point out, lies in the fact that land transference is effected without destruction and hate.

To the charge that revolution through land-gift will permit the landlords to turn over inferior land to the peasants they answer that although bad land may be given away at the beginning, good land will be contributed as the movement gathers momentum. A moral climate will be created in the countryside

J. K. BANERJI is a lecturer on international politics at Calcutta University.

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which will subject to universal censure anyone who refuses to surrender a reasonable portion of his property. And this will turn finally into moral coercion.

Jayaprakash Narayan, another Socialist leader, in a recent talk with newspapermen expressed the view that the technique of non-violent non-cooperation which Mahatma Gandhi applied politically in the struggle against British rule will be extended through Vinoba Bhave's land-gift movement to the struggle against social and economic oppression. This will be the second stage of the movement. The basis for it will have been laid earlier by the inculcation of the idea that there can be no private property in land.

There is no denying that the land-gift movement by rejecting private ownership of land avoids the perilous rock of compensation on which every attempt to enact land legislation in India has foundered. Other objections to it as a solution for India's—and for that matter Asia's—land problems remain. To begin with, it is clear that landlords are dividing their land less out of altruism than out of opportunism: they see a chance to save the bulk of their property by giving away a part. Moreover, if only one-sixth of the cultivable area is to be transferred by the end of 1957, no decisive improvement in the land situation will result. The campaign will have to be started all over again with a higher target figure in order to bring the land problem anywhere near a solution. Unfortunately it is not easy to repeat a campaign, and since the small holders will have been the first to divide their land, out of a sense of solidarity with those who have even less, the second phase of the movement will be almost exclusively directed against the big landlords. Under these circumstances there is no guaranty that it will not develop into a violent class struggle. There is also the question whether moral coercion can be applied to absentee landlords or landlords owning fallow land, that is, to the great feudal lords.

However, the worst handicap of the land-gift movement is that it is unable to provide the financial and material aid that must accompany land distribution. The poor worker can do nothing with a piece of land all by itself. He will need credit. He will need seeds and equipment—perhaps a plow and bullocks. Above all he must be freed from the clutches of the money lender unless he is again to be squeezed off the land. Some leaders of the movement are trying to collect money, bullocks, and so on, but it is very unlikely that the requisite aid can be provided through charity. That is something only the state can do.

If the movement fails, much time will have been wasted just when a speedy solution of the land problem is necessary. Failure will be even more harmful if it sows the seeds of confusion in the countryside and thus slows up the political education of the masses. That the state will have to intervene at some stage is admitted on all sides. The outcome will then depend on who is in control of the state—the landlords or the peasants.

PEONS ON WHEELS

The Long-Haul Trucker . . . *by Alfred Maund*

Livingston, Ala.

"THE company treats us truckers like we was cows in a pasture. They herd us all in when the grass is tall and green, but when we eat it short and start getting restless they don't put out no feed or fertilizer. No, sir. They just string another strand of wire around the pasture." This vivid description of the lot of truck-drivers in the South by a hauler for a long-distance motor-freight company in Alabama is well borne out by the facts as revealed in recent investigations. Indeed, in Alabama—and according to the men, in other states too—a truck-driver is apparently no better off than a share-cropper, being held in similar peonage by his employer.

ALFRED MAUND is The Nation's *correspondent in Alabama.*

A man who can drive a truck applies to a hauling firm for work. The company is agreeable, but he must have his own tractor (truck) and trailer. A tractor costs between $11,000 and $13,000, a trailer about $7,000. This is a lot of money. But the company is willing to help. The driver is sent to a subsidiary of the company, which will obtain a loan for him.

This subsidiary serves merely as intermediary for a bank, which really buys the "paper." But it adds a number of "extras" to the cost. On a two-year-instalment plan, full interest at 6 per cent is deducted in advance—which amounts to almost 11 per cent by conventional methods. Insurance charges of about $2,600 for two years are also added. The driver usually makes monthly payments of over $600.

Obviously, he must do an awful lot of hauling to pay off the debt. And while he must sign a contract giving the company exclusive rights to his services and equipment, the company is not bound to give him a specified minimum amount of business. Moreover, if he misses a payment to the financing company, he loses his equity in the truck. Even if he manages to pay off his debt, he is not assured of future security, for haulers often drive more than 100,000 miles a year and may burn out their equipment in three years. Then they must pay another visit to their employer's alter ego, the finance company.

WHAT DOES the shipping line contribute? It lends the sanction of its I. C. C. permit and pays 70 per cent of the charges for civilian freight and 65

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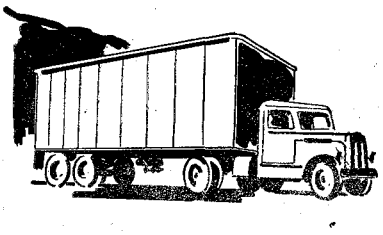
per cent on government freight. In true commissary style, the company gives the drivers little chance to look at the books. They must surrender all receipts and invoices before they are paid—and they are paid what the company says is due them.

This arrangement works satisfactorily enough on civilian freight, where rates are established and published by the I. C. C. But military freight is assigned by bid and the contracts are private. Here the driver has no way of checking. One inquisitive driver went to the Pentagon to find out the true rates on a load he had hauled. He was told, at the highest level, that the figures were available only to representatives of trucking lines. Such curiosity is dangerous, for it can bring a quick cancelation of contract, and in that event the driver is usually reduced to "cabbage hauling"—that is, carrying unprocessed farm produce, which requires no I. C. C. permit; seldom is he taken on by another company.

The drivers are unable to get I. C. C. permits of their own—and thus not only gain a measure of security but also increase their earnings almost by half—because they lack the capital to promise the requisite service and to stand off the challenges from big freight lines that they are "duplicating facilities." An I. C C. permit is not as easy to buy as a postage stamp.



The camaraderie of truck drivers is widely celebrated. They inform one another about road conditions. They warn of patrols ahead that are checking for overloads. But these are minimum requirements for self-preservation. Drivers individually, not the company, must pay the fines for trucking violations, and in some states fines range up to $500. Undercutting all friendly relations with fellow-drivers is the hard fact that they are in competition for loads, and the driver who pleases the company best is pretty sure to get the most business.

I. C. C. regulations state that a driver must have eight hours rest after ten hours on the road. Drivers are supposed to keep a log indicating that they have complied. But it is not unusual to find a driver hauling out of Louisville, Kentucky, when his log states that he is still in Pensacola, Florida.

One driver had the assignment to carry a load of ammunition from an Indiana arsenal to Portsmouth, Virginia. After two trips back and forth over the mountains—seventy-two hours in which the only sleep he got was during loading and unloading—he felt he could stand it no longer. He told the company representative he had to stop for rest. The representative said: "Look, you so-and-so, I know you have a payment on that rig coming due this month; you'd better get behind that wheel if you know what's good for you." The driver got behind the wheel.

While truck drivers are justly considered good drivers, they do not add to the safety of the highways when propped up by benzedrine and coffee.

MALAN'S OPPOSITION

Old Wine in New Bottles . . *by Basil Davidson*

London

LAST April's general election in South Africa represented a smashing defeat for the "moderate racialists" and set the stage for another bout of racialism in its most extreme and cruelest form. From outside South Africa this looks like crisis, violent crisis. Does it seem so to white South Africans? Are they doing anything about it, and if so where do they think they are going?

The United Party's failure at the polls was certainly not due to want of trying. Its organization had never been better. More men and women than ever before gave a little of their precious time to fill envelopes, write addresses, and drive cars; interest in golf, bridge, and gossip definitely slumped for three weeks. The leaders of the party neglected no electoral maneuver which might help them, practiced all the tricks of the trade, and practiced them at times so meanly as to unnerve even their staunchest followers. In order to "reassure" voters who might otherwise vote Nationalist, Mr. Strauss and his colleagues became so "respectably" racialist that the Nationalists were sometimes made to seem daringly enlightened: there were cases, for example, of United Party speakers bitterly arraigning the "Nats" for overspending on African education. Nothing was left undone except of course the appeal to reason, courage, and common decency—any appeal of that kind would have been "irresponsible idealism." But all to no avail. Mr. Strauss and his friends were licked in fair fight, foul for foul, and driven from the field.

The post mortems were a little nauseous. The defeat had to be explained, and yet nobody in the end explained it. Perhaps it is too much to ask an explanation of people whose interests are so exceedingly well served by the present dispensation regarding white man and black man. De Beers, after all, has paid enormous annual dividends since 1946, and De Beers is one of the pillars of the United Party's brand of civilization.

Even so, many people in the United Party were far from satisfied; and out of this dissatisfaction two new political parties have now arisen. The tenets of these new parties, the Federal Party and the Liberal Party, are worth some thought because they reflect pretty ac-

BASIL DAVIDSON is a London journalist who has spent much time in South Africa.

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curately the conclusions which many anti-Nationalists drew from their defeat at the polls.

THE LIBERAL PARTY should have been formed many years ago. Now it comes upon the scene at a bad moment for liberalism. Its leading figures are well-known left-wingers of the United Party. Mrs. Margaret Ballinger has long been one of the three representatives of the Africans in Parliament, and her sincerity and humanity are recognized even by her worst enemies. Leo Marquard is an anti-Nationalist Afrikaner who typifies the best of his nation—nowadays a very cautious best. Several others are of equally good caliber. They have long felt uncomfortable in the United Party—a feeling shared for the opposite reason by the bulk of the membership—but have refrained from breaking away until now because they did not want to divide the party before its inability to win an election was clear to all.

This Liberal group is notably strengthened by the support of Alan Paton, whose writings, both fictional and political, have evoked in many "non-political" people in and out of South Africa a sympathy and understanding for the black man's plight that contribute markedly to the influence of liberal opinions. But Paton gives the impression of having yet to think his way clearly through the social and political implications of racialism. A negative protest, no matter how moving and convincing, is not enough to give the South African Liberal Party ground for a significant life of its own. Paton has tended to linger on the humanitarian frontiers of that problem.

The Liberals' program is still in gestation, but they want to act as a political party and put up candidates. They stand, they say, "for the dignity of the individual and the maintenance and extension of human rights." One of their chief functions will be "to build bridges between Europeans and non-Europeans who believe that the principles of political morality and justice must be applied to all sections of the community in South Africa." Their membership rolls are declared open to all South Africans irrespective of race, creed, or color, or lack of voting rights.

On the face of it, such a program might be expected to attract the many whites who feel that things simply cannot go on as they are if South Africa is to be saved from bloodshed and final ruin. Yet it does not seem to be gaining wide acceptance. Some of these whites, who are of course a minority of the non-Nationalists, have simply accepted defeat and averted their eyes from anything but their daily business. Others have preferred to join the new Federal Party. Still others, some of the best of this liberal minority, have stayed in the United Party on the ground that it is more useful to go on "boring from within" than to split off into a small and perhaps sectarian group that is lost in the wilderness. These people ask how the Liberal Party thinks it will succeed in broadening the franchise when the franchise can be altered only by a two-thirds' majority of both houses of Parliament sitting together. A fourth category of liberals, the most radical, have said that the program's grandiose generalities are meaningless and that a Liberal Party in South Africa can be significant only if it grasps the nettle and comes out for full-scale racial cooperation against oppression, something which this Liberal Party, they say, has no intention of doing.

The truth of the matter seems to be that the traditional South African concept of liberalism has lost its virtue. Mrs. Ballinger and her friends have done fine work as a link between the silent masses of Africans and the all-powerful authorities. They have listened to the blacks and have tried to tell the whites what they have heard. Here and there they have scored small successes—lightened hardships, lessened penalties, won partial concessions; but it is no underestimation of this work of mercy to say that generally they have failed. Racialism has charged ahead at full speed.

If the whites have shifted their ground, however, so have the non-whites. After the tremendous manifestation of non-violent resistance in 1952 and the early part of 1953 Africans and Indians are beginning to ask of liberals a good deal more than kindly solicitude for their welfare. They want more than a "bridge" between whites and non-whites. They are now prepared to like, trust, and follow only those whites who come out boldly on their side—not in a racialist or sectarian sense but as fellow-fighters for a freedom that all may share. Professor Z. K. Matthews, a notably "moderate" African leader, put this clearly in a recent article about liberals. "The big question," he wrote, "is the extent to which these groups are going to seek the cooperation of the non-whites. The question is whether they have enough strength and enough ability to overcome the reluctance of the average liberal white South African to work *with* instead of *for* the Africans."

In practical terms, this means a new non-white demand for franchise equality, for "votes for all." Representative Africans and Indians will not listen to those who argue for Mrs. Ballinger's "limited franchise," a device favored by liberals who do not want to cut themselves off from the bulk of their fellow-countrymen. They will listen only to those who stand squarely for racial equality, whether they belong to the brave little band of left-wingers who have never feared to grasp this nettle or are rare individuals like Patrick Duncan, whose inspiration is religious. For these reasons the new Liberal Party is in danger of falling between two stools—gaining support neither from whites nor from non-whites—and of suffering the same frustration as the South African Labor Party.

WHAT THE new Federal Party stands for was briefly and pointedly expressed some weeks ago by Dr. Keppel-Jones, one of its most distinguished supporters. "It must be emphasized again and again," he said, "that the Nationalists will not be removed by any constitutional or peaceful means. . . . Those to whom subjection to these rulers is intolerable have only the alternatives: rescuing a part of the Union from this subjection or rescuing themselves by emigration. Moving to Durban would be simpler than moving to Melbourne." The Federal Party proposes, in short—apart from a vague plan for a federation of all the countries of southern Africa—that the province of Natal should separate from its three sister provinces and thus save itself from the inevitable explosion.

The trouble with this is that the Federal Party is nothing if not a Natalian party, and the English of Natal practice the same forms of racial oppression against "their" Indians and Africans as

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the Afrikaners do elsewhere. A quasi-independent Natal—which is hardly economically thinkable—might assure the English of their continued supremacy; it would remove none of the evils of racialist strife. This party seems billed for a brilliant but very brief existence.

The great washed masses of the United Party have meanwhile returned to their golf and their bridge and their gossip. Its leaders are as usual misrepresenting the situation, and there is nothing to show that they have drawn any salutary lessons from their defeat at the polls. To give South Africa a new lease on life needs heroism and self-sacrifice; so far the only people who show these qualities are the leaders of the non-white communities, with thousands of their followers, and a few whites whose political influence is negligible.

But to say this in South Africa today is already a legal offense, an incitement to "disorder," punishable with fines, lashing, and imprisonment. Knowing inwardly that the Nationalists are really doing their business for them and convinced that in one way or another they can reach an agreement with the Nationalists on the all-important matter of saving "white civilization," the bulk of English-speaking South Africa sits back and shouts for another drink.

EDITOR BITES READER

Today's Newspaper . . *by Dan Gillmor*

IT IS not so much that we are too familiar with newspapers as that they are getting too familiar with us. They're indifferent to our emotions, bored with our fears, disrespectful of our hopes.

The paper that our grandfathers bought for a penny now costs a nickel, but it weighs fifty times as much. It is so heavy that it rests on the heart like lead. The buyer pays for news; he gets war, death, slander, corruption, catastrophe, fornication, and frivolity. He buys: "45 Slain in . . ."; "British Repel . . ."; "U. S. Warns . . ."; "Reds Attack at . . ."; "A-Bomb Blasts Prove . . ."; "Crash Takes Lives of . . ."; "Charges Official Is Red Agent . . ."; "Vice Doll Tells . . ."

This is news, we are told, because it is not commonplace, not an everyday happening. As the old newsman's saw goes, it is man biting dog. But rabid men are biting healthy canines too often nowadays. It is violence, death, vice, and corruption that are commonplace. More and more we get the feeling of having been robbed—and not just of our five-cent piece.

Perhaps some mid-twentieth-century Pulitzer will revive the penny paper to give us the really sensational news of the day. Such a paper will proclaim the truly astonishing fact that in the teeth of destruction life asserts its vigor. For a penny, mind you, it will tell us how yesterday, despite the imminent collapse of civilization-as-we-know-it, some two billion people got up in the morning, ate a good or poor breakfast, or none at all, toiled all day, came wearily home, played with and sometimes spanked their children, quarreled with or made love to their wives, and went to sleep. Streamer headlines will inform us: "Woman has 6-lb. Boy; Names First-born After Ecstatic Father." Even the scandal news will be affected by the change: "Married Nine Years, Never Thought of Divorce," we shall read.

Despite numerous spats and some serious quarrels Mr. and Mrs. George Gutchett of 29 Elm St. have never seriously considered divorce, the *Penny Post* learned exclusively today. The Gutchetts have been married nine years.

"He leaves the cap off the toothpaste more often than not," Mrs. Gutchett said, "and there have been times, I must admit, when his mother and I have not been altogether cordial. Still, he's an awfully nice guy, and I don't know what I would do without him."

Mr. Gutchett was reluctant to be interviewed, but when pressed for comment, he declared: "Bessie could have done a lot better than me, but I hope she don't ever find it out."

The world-moving, as distinguished from the earth-shaking, people will come into their own. Certified public accountants will hit the front page in stories unconnected with tax frauds. No longer will elevator men have to stab their fiancees before their names are known to fame. A leading article will tell how a bank teller finished sorting $65,451.02 in cash at closing time, put the money in the safe, and went home to supper in the suburbs.

Such a spate of good news will begin insidiously to have its effect. A centenarian asked to give the inevitable advice on longevity will reply, for publication: "Good heavens, man, how should I know?" Representative Blankin (D., Miss.), perhaps yearning for some publicity once more, will introduce an F. E. P. C. bill into Congress, saying: "I reckon it's about time we South'ners recognized equality for the Negroes. After all, we are all brothers under the skin." General Bridgeway in Tokyo will tell reporters: "This headquarters has come to the conclusion that peace negotiations would be more likely to succeed if a neutral country were present. Accordingly, we have recommended to the U. N. that a committee be appointed by the General Assembly to invite India to the conference." *Pravda* will declare that the airplane was invented by two American geniuses named Wright. A cigarette firm will adopt the slogan: "Ours are good, but no better."

When a man bites a dog, the papers will report it as the act of a press agent gone berserk from frustration.

There will be so much good news that the *Penny Post* will expand. The price may even go up to a nickel, but people will pay cheerfully. It will be worth it.

DAN GILLMOR is a New York newspaperman and free-lance writer.

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A Delta Homecoming . . *by Charles G. Bell*

Savage Bounty

I sleep a little as we drive along,
South with the levee, toward the Delta home;
Wake in the fiercer passions of the sun:—
The unbending road is a belt where all things return:
Again the same fields and cabins and the dark woods.

This sky repeats also, with sun and shade
Marks currents in the vapor, of rise and rain;
Cloud after cloud goes massive, white above,
Dark beneath and the shadow on the land,
The long rays drawing water in the brightness between.

Down air and water rivers of fire bathe
The black earth outspread, whose elemental children
Jut back to the sky, blend of that hard and soft—
Old craggy limbs melting in feathers, the great
Bald cypress' gestures of dissolving power.

God of brown water and sun, you spawned these blacks,
Brood of your deeper wilds singing its songs,
A sign of your savage bounty on the land—
Spawned, and baked them dull. In the motionless air,
Like swimming a saffron sea, we watch one move,

Slow from the swinging door, the crazy walls
Of the sun-bleached cabin, through a little yard
Tall with sunflowers hanging their pregnant heads,
Out to the outhouse where he never comes,
Slow foot by foot, black swimmer in the lazy tide.

The Local Whiteway

In such a great flat land it is all sky;
The earth is waiting here with a slow patience
Under the rain-gathering vault; at night it dissolves,
A mere darkness lost in the universe,
And nowhere else is being earth-bound stranger.

One night long since, returned from overseas
To this bottom of the world, knowing the heart
Could not rest wholly here, no longer free
From the liberal spires of Oxford through the cloud
Taking an aureole light in the meadowed land;

Or upland wheat fields of Bavaria,
Clean stands of fir under the mountain snow;
Or down those mountains south to the heart's best home,
Nest of the migrant wings, the Tuscan town
And singing towers of the Western dawn—

Remembering now that beauty, spirit in form,
Clear voice of the past never to be lived down,
As I, come back that evening, stood alone
Over this Greenville on the levee's crown,
West the wide river, with Venus and the moon,

And east three lighted blocks in the Delta's dark—
I shook at the strangeness of being localized—
By an accident of birth to be held and hold
This poor spot of earth on the turbulent flood
A center always of the circling stars.

The Moundbuilders

In an Indian burial ground where the spade turns savage
Bones, we bury our outnumbering dead.
They by the river cleared a few fields in the great
Web of the forest where bayous pulsed and returned,
Overhung with trumpet-vines bright as cardinals.

A little way to the north is a group of mounds,
Pyramids of earth where the temples stood
On gaudy heights round which they danced in plumes—
First stirrings of form against these melting floods.
We dug there once and uncovered some giant bones;

Cattle, no doubt, but for us they were primitive men,
Looming in the golden dusk like myths of the dawn.
And who knows if such too, touched with Mayan fire,
Would have conquered the forest for another day than ours?
They were too slow; we came and took the future.

Now far to the south I have seen in a cypress swamp,
On a dwindling reservation, tired Indian hulks,
Empty of meaning, and thought of the childhood dreams.
Destiny is a hard driver. Take up his proud
Yoke, not proudly. We are the moundbuilders now.

Even in this melting land and its night grave
Of white and red, we raise beacons of form,
Crown the dissolving in earth and marble mounds;
And the lighted road, reaching for a strand of steel,
Bridges the old river in whose arms we drown.

A Cloud-Change

After a close warm day under sheltering cloud,
About the time of sunset, from the west,
A lifting wind opens the infinite blue;
The low roof of the day breaks everywhere,
And night, deep night, widens the old mystery.

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There are three men in the town, I think of now,
Who move a single way, as these clouds clear:—
Berry deals cards, lets others guess at the face,
Counts the chances, tallies, hopes that way
The laws of mass will dissolve like the limits of day.

Walker has gone fanatic; he always reads
The Book of Revelation, in the beasts
Discovers symbols of the atomic blast.
He goes to all revivals, gets up to stand
Crying: "Beware, our judgment is at hand!"

And bright young Sams, who used to star-gaze with me,
Is gazing now for saucers. He has a perch
Built on his roof, and tells how a year since,
In the red dusk of the sky he saw a disc
With lighted flange, implying things from space.

Through the last arms of cloud I look too and see,
Swirled from the Swan to the Archer south and down,
The great sun-clusters of the Milky Way:—
Now reason comes home to wonder. Is it so
That the world melts, on the wind suffers a cloud-change?

From a Writer's Notebook . . *Van Wyck Brooks*

WE AMERICANS have always thought either too much or too little of ourselves, as we have thought either too much or too little of Europe. As in the nineteenth century we thought too much of Europe, so we are in danger of thinking too little of it now.

★

The so-called expatriates of the nineteen twenties made a cult of "living," and they returned in the end to America because this cult is against the American grain. Living as an art was quite unnatural for them. Americans love the ability to do something, as they love power also, far more than they can ever love mere living. A pity, perhaps, but true.

★

There are two great categories of writers: those who are solicited from the outside, prompted by the suggestions of others, and those who are prompted entirely from within, who have "one taproot that goes down deep," like Willa Cather's old Nebraska farmer.

★

There are all kinds of writers in every country, but the writers who are most interesting are those in whom the country differs most from others, in whom one feels the uniqueness of the country. Who could wish "Don Quixote" less Spanish than it is, or Dickens or Shakespeare less English, or Stendhal less French? Is not that largely the quality we seek in foreign literature and the quality that foreigners seek among us?

★

A letter from a Western professor contains this phrase, "To use Lionel Trilling's word 'pejorative'," and I remember how often I have encountered the word "pejorative"—depreciatory—in the writings of this critic. I would call it his key word, in fact, and I think I know why it has become so.

Do we not find in certain writers a key word of this kind that indicates some central tendency in their organization? Thus, for example, "significant," Goethe's favorite word, was certainly indicative in this fashion, and so is the word "renewal," which occurs early and late, constantly, in the writings of Lewis Mumford. This word alone goes far to explain why I have always been drawn to Mumford, with his ever-renewed sense of the boundless possibilities of life. Similarly, in Edith Wharton one finds repeatedly the word "throne," or "throned," indicating her taste for the regal posture, while Jack London's key word is "wolf." He sometimes signed his letters "The Wolf," he called his house "Wolf House," one of his best-known characters was Wolf Larson, and he told his own story symbolically in the story of the Alaska dog that reverted to the wolf pack in order to survive. His personal cult of Nietzsche was the cult of the wolf.

For another example, as Elizabeth Shepley Sergeant points out in her "Memoir," Willa Cather's favorite word was "splendor," a word that "recurred so often in her talk, her books, and the letters of those years, that I think of her as living it out." In how many other cases does not one word sum up the man or the woman *within* the writer.

★

In her memoir of Willa Cather, Miss Sergeant writes, referring to her own college days: "American literature had no place in the Bryn Mawr curriculum, —no Melville, no Hawthorne, no Poe, no Dickinson, no Whitman. Henry James and Edith Wharton were the only modern fiction writers; expatriates, you see; and we read them for pleasure, not for study. When, ten years after my graduation, I told one of my English professors that I had discovered a genuine first-class work of American fiction, in which a young woman of prairie background had conceived her world with new eyes and made of it a work of art, she looked at me skeptically. Even 'My Antonia' failed to move her."

How typical that was not only of Bryn Mawr but of Harvard and all our colleges fifty years ago! And equally typical was the frame of mind expressed in another passage in this book, dealing with the revelations in *McClure's Magazine* (of which Willa Cather was managing editor for a time): "A Bryn Mawrster raised by President M. Carey Thomas must try to right these terrible social wrongs that blistered and festered under the shiny urban surface of Manhattan Island."

Side by side these two passages perfectly illustrate Emerson's remark that we "have our culture from one continent and our duties from another"—which

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VAN WYCK BROOKS is the author of the five-volume work "Makers and Finders—a History of the Writer in America," the first volume of which, "The Flowering of New England," won a Pulitzer prize. He has just been awarded a Theodore Roosevelt Medal for Distinguished Service. Other selections from his Notebook will appear in later issues of The Nation.

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continued to be true up to the First World War.

Time has healed this breach, for Americans no longer look abroad and our eggs are all now in one basket. But, regarding the future, another question rises: Are we going to have any "culture" or any "duties"?

★

An English reviewer in a New York weekly pointed out recently that "the great Musil revival" is all a mistake, and I am not surprised, for "The Man Without Qualities" seemed to me, at a more or less hasty glance, pretentious and arid. As a great original work of genius, the book had been compared to Proust and Joyce, and the machinery had been set in motion to make of this Austrian novel a monumental *succès d'estime.* Now this reviewer seems to prove that Musil is not an innovator but an imitator in technique, theme, and character alike, and that he has modeled his whole work, in every essential respect, on Anatole France's "Monsieur Bergeret" series. The parallel is deadly, so deadly indeed that, without going behind him, one can feel reasonably sure that the reviewer is right.

But if he is not mistaken, what a light this throws on the mental habits of the critical world of our day, a world in which it goes without saying that Anatole France is forgotten, like virtually all but a handful of fashionable writers. From the moment when Paul Valéry scouted him on a famous occasion, Anatole France passed more and more out of notice, and his justice-loving Voltairean spirit was in any case anathema to the medievaling mind of the years that followed. But Anatole France is only one of a host of great writers who have been pushed aside as the critics, examining texts, have lost themselves in Henry James's cloudy crystal ball, while between pedantry on one hand and on the other primitivism, general literary knowledge has all but disappeared. We have seen old-fashioned Confederate novels hailed as original that were merely Mary Johnston served up cold, and a novel that was second-rate Booth Tarkington was recently called "revolutionary" because no one knows Booth Tarkington in highbrow circles. The new critics have made war on general literary knowledge, and without this knowledge how can we form judgments at all? Without consciously intending it, criticism chimes in with the Nazi who said, "When I hear the word culture I reach for a gun."

★

> We do not fear a single thing
> Except our relatives,

say the elephants in chorus in the Ramayana. These elephants lived in ancient India many centuries ago, but evidently there were good Freudians even in those days.

★

Why is "good society," or so much of it, insupportable, in spite of its charm of good manners, courage, and grace? Because it consists so largely of powerful unenlightened people who see life in terms of ceremonial and their own importance. They hear and they consider only what they wish to hear and what conduces to their own comfort, thinking what they wish to think instead of what one *has* to think, however disconcerting the truth may be. They rationalize everything until it fits their pattern. But thinking what one has to think is thinking in terms of real values, and this alone is endurable to people with minds.

What else did Ruskin mean when he said that "an artist should be fit for the best society and keep out of it"? In America at least, as Edith Wharton pointed out, artists and writers have always fled from the world of fashion. (Not that this hostility has been one-sided. Mrs. Winthrop Chanler says that "the Four Hundred would have fled in a body from a poet, a painter, a musician, or a clever Frenchman.") And was this not so even in England when the world of intellect had something in common with the world of fashion? Hazlitt said that those who are accustomed to the talk of literary men cannot put up with any other and that "persons in high life talk almost entirely by rote and have no opinions but what will please. Beside the conversation of authors, the conversation of men of fashion is flat, insipid, stale, and unprofitable." Hazlitt continues, "They talk about much the same things—pictures, poetry, politics, plays, but they do it worse and at a sort of vapid second-hand. They, in fact, talk out of newspapers and magazines *what we write there.* They do not feel the same interest in the subjects they affect to handle with an air of fashionable condescension." "Were it not for the wine and the des-

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sert," Hazlitt concludes, "no author in his senses would accept an invitation to a well-dressed dinner party, except out of pure good nature and unwillingness to disoblige by his refusal." All of which might have been said a hundred years later.

Not here, O Apollo,
Are haunts meet for thee.

★

How many books can any man read? A supposedly well-informed journalist has written that Hitler undoubtedly read "most" of the 7,000 military books in his library. So T. E. Lawrence of Arabia was said to have read at Oxford "most" of the 40,000 books in the library of his college. So Thomas Wolfe allegedly devoured 20,000 books or so. Wolfe was obviously picturing himself in Eugene Gant in "Look Homeward, Angel," "pulling books out of a thousand shelves and reading them like a madman. . . . He read insanely, by the hundreds, the thousands, the ten thousands." How tiresome all this is, and how untrue. People speak of these things very much at their ease. For the last twenty years I have been obliged to read six or seven or more hours a day. I have certainly read far more than these others have had time for, in the short periods referred to, and how many books have I read in these twenty years? Less than six thousand, less than a book a day.

★

Whoever is accustomed to reading with a definite subject in mind cannot long endure desultory reading. A subject acts as a magnet attracting, in all one reads, the facts and the ideas that are relevant to it, and this creates an excitement in the mind that makes all purposeless reading tame and insipid. And yet what a pity this is, for it is desultory reading that develops one's taste. It is fortunate that when we are young we are unfocused.

The Dubious Phoenix

FIRE IN THE ASHES: EUROPE IN MID-CENTURY. By Theodore H. White. William Sloane Associates. $5.

By Howard K. Smith

FOREIGN correspondents of the present generation are often taxed with being inferior to those who informed America of alien places before the war. The post-war period, it is said, has produced no single reporter abroad whose work can vie in its impact or popularity with that of the men of the Great Age which lasted roughly from 1935 to 1941 —Vincent Sheean, John Gunther, Webb Miller, Bill Shirer, Edgar Mowrer, Walter Duranty, and perhaps a half-dozen more. I do not contest the latter statement; but as a practitioner of the trade who has given the matter a great deal of thought, I suggest that our failure has not been necessarily due to inferiority. Rather, I think, it is due to the fact that our predecessors had a fairly "well-integrated" period of current history to talk about, while we have not had such a period. (Except for the work of Ernie Pyle and Ed Murrow and a very few others, America's war correspondence was not, in my opinion, of outstanding quality. It rapidly became stereotyped and jargon-ridden, more inclined to stunts than information.)

In the early thirties, as a result of the depression and the rise of Nazism, there occurred a hardening of major trends. By 1936 it became clear, for example, that the most powerful factor of the time was the dynamic, aggressive new government of Germany, that it possessed the initiative over all competitors in world affairs, and that its tendency was toward war. These clarities were a priceless advantage for dramatic presentation and clean-cut, pointed analysis.

Since World War II we have not had the journalistic advantage of any hardening of trends. It is not clear yet what is the major factor of our time; it might be the Red Army, or it might be NATO, or perhaps the movement toward European federation, or even the general friction between the Western white peoples and the colored two-thirds of the world. The initiative in world affairs appears sometimes to be with Moscow, sometimes with us—though lately Seoul seems to have been paramount. Finally there is no clear-cut answer at all to the key question: are we drifting toward war? Mr. Dulles thinks the danger is greater than ever. Sir Winston Churchill thinks it is less great than at any time since the last war. A good case can be made out for either view.

WITH THEIR basic clarities, our predecessors could give sharp focus to the past: knowing what was important, they could select facts and recount only those events that had bearing on the rise of Nazism. With no basic clarities, we cannot bring the post-war period into focus: we must unselectively recount the whole dreary story of the development of the cold war—which does not make interesting or readable copy. Likewise, with important current trends clear then, they could forecast pretty accurately; with all trends still fluid and indistinct now, we cannot forecast.

Thanks to those basic clarities they could pass moral judgments on men and institutions. For example, it was clear to them that von Papen of the Weimar Republic had been a contemptible but unwitting pacemaker for Nazism. But what judgment are we today to make of Adenauer? He will turn out to be one of two extreme things—the founder at last of genuine German democracy, a man to whom we should all be grateful, or the trustee of German reaction who kept Germany safe from change in a post-war period that might have made necessary changes. What shall we say of Jean Monnet? Is he the man who launched the federation that saved European civilization? Or is he merely the ingenious mind who thought up a framework in which the cartels could resume control of continental Europe? Neither Adenauer nor Monnet knows the answer; history has simply not decided, and we, the present generation of foreign correspondents, may not enrich our stories with judgments of finality and force about the leading figures of our time.

When against the difficulties of a frustratingly amorphous time one of us attempts to write a book about Europe, it is, I boast unblushingly, a little daring. When one of us approaches success and a position close to that of our celebrated

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HOWARD K. SMITH, a contributing editor of The Nation, *is chief European correspondent and European director of the Columbia Broadcasting System in London. He is the author of "Last Train from Berlin" and "The State of Europe."*

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ment with communism; in this case during the period of the liberation in Italy when the party rose to power.

But Silone is unlike the typical authoritarian temperament of our period which, betrayed by illusions it should never have cherished, either continues simply to revile the political, or parental, source of discomfort or moves swiftly over to another authoritarian system. He has retained his equilibrium, his warmth, his humor, his hope; he is determined to salvage what can be salvaged from the ruin of his hopes. The country scenes and village types in "A Handful of Blackberries" are often quite enchanting; the descriptions of Italian communism in action during the post-war period are discerning and sometimes brilliantly satiric—in plain words, very funny. But saying this, I have to add that the hero of the novel is a philosophic superman, while the heroine, if she is a persecuted refugee, is still a wooden figure. The solid elements of Silone's character and talent barely save what would otherwise be a sentimental and perhaps ridiculous novel of "salvation." I almost suspect that the influence of Hemingway, Faulkner, Steinbeck, and American movies has proved too much for Italian art.

AFTER THESE typical works of the modern generation in a bizarre world one comes with some relief to Sholem Asch's new book. For the pertinent thing about "A Passage in the Night" is that it is an old-fashioned novel in the "real" realistic vein—that is to say, it is deeply concerned with its characters, it has the wisdom and perspective of long experience, and it is a pleasure to read. Mr. Asch himself has come back from his religious voyages into antiquity; the present work is almost Dreiserian in tone and content. The style seems at first rather pedestrian and heavy; the central character is an East Side Jewish boy who escapes from his religious background to make a fortune in real estate. The point is that this hero is both fully drawn and completely sympathetic. The scenes of his youth and the later descriptions of rich, respectable, and assimilated American Jewish society are equally well done.

In the older narrative tradition too, Mr. Asch is not averse to using both chance and melodrama in his chronicle of a typical business man who has based his career on a robbery and is prevented by his society from atoning for his crime. The resolution of the novel is rather wordy perhaps and expresses the novelist's convictions at the expense of his story. But we forgive all this because we know they *are* convictions and because we have received so much else in the process of reaching them.

The "Great Little Madison"

JAMES MADISON: SECRETARY OF STATE, 1800-1809. By Irving Brant. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $6.

By Keith Hutchison

THE eight years when Jefferson occupied the White House constitute one of the most crucial periods in the history of the United States. It was a time of both danger and opportunity. There was danger that the almost disarmed republic might be drawn into the battle that Britain, with intermittent allies, was waging to check Napoleon's ambitions. There was opportunity, political and commercial, for a determined neutral nation willing to take risks in flouting the wishes of the giant contestants.

Contrivance, seconded by luck, enabled the United States to make the best of the opportunity while escaping serious hurt. When on the eve of the renewal of hostilities with Britain in 1803 Napoleon agreed to sell Louisiana, American diplomacy, as Irving Brant says in this book, "won richer fruits from the new Anglo-French war, before it started . . . than either belligerent could hope for." The French dictator had a number of good reasons for this decision, some of them skilfully suggested by Madison, who planted on the French envoy in Washington the idea that acquisition of Louisiana by the United States would not only foster Anglo-American rivalry but check the growth of American power by "separating the interests of the eastern and western states."

Personally a man of strict integrity,

KEITH HUTCHISON, a contributing editor of The Nation, *is the author of "The Decline and Fall of British Capitalism" and other books.*

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Madison was not above a touch of Machiavellianism in the interests of his country. In fact, his behavior in no way conformed with the well-established myth that simple, straightforward Amer-

ican statesmen are nearly always worsted in dealings with wily foreign diplomats. Yet many historians, following the lead of Henry Adams, have tended to treat the physically diminutive Madison as mentally and morally small, a timid, petulant, shifty creature who was but an echo of Jefferson.

IRVING BRANT, who has undertaken to rehabilitate the "great little Madison" in five stout volumes, of which this is the fourth, proves triumphantly that that was a grossly unfair and inaccurate picture. After ransacking the archives of Washington, London, and Paris and turning up much new material, including dispatches that have rested undeciphered in State Department files for 150 years, he is able to show that the Jefferson-Madison combination was a rare case of successful partnership between strong men. He shows, too, that Henry Adams's caricature of Madison was based at least partly on mistranslations of dispatches from the French minister in Washington, General Turreau.

Jefferson, an intuitive genius, was inclined to be impulsive, and his impulses sometimes steered him toward rash courses, sometimes urged him to shy violently from danger. Madison, a cooler man, controlled, methodical, logical, provided a balance wheel. For instance, in 1805, after the breakdown of negotiations with Spain for the purchase of West Florida, Jefferson, feeling that war was inevitable, asked "whether we ought not immediately to propose to England an eventual treaty of alliance, to come into force whenever (within — years) a war shall take place with Spain or France."

Madison advised against this policy, realizing that it would be impossible to secure a British commitment without incurring obligations of an embarrassing nature. But he found an opportunity to complain to Andrew Merry, the British minister in Washington, about Spanish outrages and to hint that if British naval policies were modified, an American alliance might become feasible—a hint which that not very astute diplomat failed to recognize. On another occasion, after the attack of the British frigate Leopard on the Chesapeake, Madison considered Jefferson's draft proclamation closing American ports to British vessels too mild and suggested changes in language that gave the statement far more bite.

This was but one of innumerable incidents arising from Britain's determination to impress seamen without scrupulous inquiry as to their nationality. Jefferson and Madison made one effort after another to protect American sailors from the press gangs. They were in vain, as were simultaneous negotiations with both Britain and France to obtain modification of the competing blockade systems that painfully squeezed American merchants seeking the profits of neutrality.

The story of the American struggle to secure neutral rights is particularly worth retelling in these days when "neutrality" has become a bad word in this country. In its fight against Bonapartism, Britain considered that it was waging a war against an attempted universal dictatorship and thus a war in which there should be no neutrals. In addition, the English believed that the United States was misusing its neutrality to grab trade and so undermining the British economy, the greatest source of strength in combating Napoleon's sprawling empire. Americans, on the other hand, saw Britain and France as equally aggressive powers and, in particular, deemed Britain's blockade system a thinly disguised method of enforcing commercial monopoly.

Both positions could be logically supported, but, starting from different moral premises, they could not be reconciled. However, a nation's moral premises tend to change with its interests, so that now it is Americans who look askance at countries that try to keep aloof from the quarrels of East and West. These would-be neutrals may be wrong, but this book reminds us that American history buttresses their position with some forceful arguments.

The Chinese Revolution

MOSCOW AND CHINESE COMMUNISTS. By Robert C. North. Stanford University Press. $5.

By Edgar Snow

IN THIS book Robert North has brilliantly pieced together the saga of the Chinese Communist Party from its start in the womb of the Comintern, through its growth in the hinterland of Asia, down to victory and power. Happily situated as a talented research worker in that repository of subversive literature rather incongruously known as the Hoover Library, Mr. North must be congratulated on a triumph of the digestive process—and the best short history of Chinese communism yet published. It is presented in an absorbing style and reads, as Professor John Fairbank notes, "like a detective story"—or almost.

Opening, the author emphasizes the massive import of a conquest which expanded the Soviet world to include a third of our planet's population and a fifth of its land surface. Scarcely thirty-five years ago Communists numbered only a few thousand dedicated persons under Lenin. Today there are twenty million of them pushing along and across a vast Eurasian perimeter which stretches from Korea through the Middle East to Scandinavia.

"How has this come about?" asks North. One factor "especially important" is the "code developed by early Bolsheviks and designed to guide their actions toward other governments and peoples."

EDGAR SNOW was the first correspondent to enter Communist China and interview its leaders during the Chinese civil war. He is the author of "Red Star over China," "Pattern of Soviet Power," and other books.

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The original program of the Communist International has been tactically implemented by thoroughly Machiavellian or Jesuitical means. Red methods are the key to success "precisely because non-Communists find them difficult to analyze or comprehend." Mr. North demonstrates repeatedly that Communist tactics in every situation are devised to serve their own interests and strategy, toward the ultimate conquest of power.

If that is not exactly news it is nevertheless a thesis which inspires the author with the hope that once Western governments do understand the facts, as provided by such histories as his, they will be "less inclined to behave precisely as the Bolshevik strategists and tacticians expect"—and hence may be able to plot effective counter-offensives.

THIS INQUIRY indicates that from 1921 to 1931 the Comintern largely dominated the composition and general line of the Chinese party. Under Stalin's leadership the Chinese sought power by means of urban insurrection, orthodox theory denying the potential of the peasantry as a main force in social revolution. Ultimately Li Li-san became the chief scapegoat for major failures of Comintern policy. Meanwhile Mao Tse-tung and Chu Teh had independently recruited guerrilla forces in the Kiangsi-Hunan border areas. In the face of Trotskyite ridicule, Stalinist skepticism, and the opposition of the Returned Students (from Moscow) nominally leading the party, the Chu-Mao rural Soviet movement by 1932 actually provided the only effective military and political bases the Communists had. The urban Politburo members were finally driven to seek sanctuary there. Shrewdly understanding the primacy of armed force in the attainment of personal political power in China, Mao Tse-tung closely identified himself with the combat Communists and gradually emerged as de facto head of the party. Stalin's Comintern reluctantly recognized his supremacy and sanctioned the shift in emphasis from the urban proletariat to the village peasantry.

There is little evidence that thereafter the Kremlin dictated Mao's pragmatic politico-military tactics in adapting Marxism to local conditions. Examination of the works of Mao and others shows their methods and aims to have been consistently Communist. Despite North's diligent search for duplicity he provides no record, in this respect, of any Communist official claims to be "mere agrarian reformers," or the like. Such labels were used as epithets by Trotskyists and other anti-Maoists and were welcomed and given currency by rationalizers and sentimentalists.

In general the Communists "succeeded by virtue of existing confusion and unrest, their own skilful but often opportunistic maneuvering, and—perhaps above all—by virtue of Kuomintang and Western default." There is reason to believe that Moscow tried to discourage an open post-war struggle in China. Stalin seems to have been convinced that Chiang Kai-shek would win. Mao "accepted" Stalin's advice and proceeded to go his own way, to prove Stalin wrong. Few facts today support the view that the Chinese Communists are slaves of Russia, but Titoist possibilities are at present negligible.

Mr. North's book records major contemporary Chinese political events down to 1953 and scrutinizes American and Russian roles in China before V-E Day and on up to Mao Tse-tung's victory. His forecast of future Chinese Communist tactics deserves closer study in high places than it is likely to get. In a final chapter he submits conclusions and some sound advice on how to stem the Red tide—not by "proscribing books" but by proving to the world "that we are a bold, imaginative, and constructively revolutionary people."

THE AUTHOR'S survey of 1943-49 American policy parallels Feis's more extensive study in "The China Tangle."* It also supports the opinion that our mistakes were due to failure to "analyze and comprehend" tactics followed on the other side of the fence. As the classical personification of American naivete General Patrick Hurley emerges here—as elsewhere; and indeed that unfortunate Republican stalwart seems fated to be the Colonel Blimp in "our China tragedy" for years to come. Behind him of course were other men and forces which share responsibility.

A longer review would question certain of North's facts and interpretations, his occasional over-valuation of partisan

*Reviewed in *The Nation* of October 24 by O. Edmund Clubb.

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testimony, and a rather heavy eclectic use of Asian sources of dubious credibility. The paper document itself is sometimes regarded too gravely—at the expense of insight into the obliqueness of Chinese political semantics. In a long discussion of Mao's struggle with the Returned Students in the Politburo no account is given of the important role played by Li Teh ("Otto"), the German Comintern agent who was the Reds' chief adviser in Kiangsi and made the Long March. Analysis of the discrediting of Li Teh could have thrown more light on the long history of Mao's veiled heterodoxy, which began inside the Politburo —he was a member as early as 1924— and not much later, as North suggests.

Some more obscure intra-party controversies are rather fruitlessly explored, while several events of magnitude are scarcely noted. An example is the decisive Sian incident—and the Kremlin's hand in it. For a phenomenon which rescued the Reds from almost certain destruction in 1936 and reversed the tides of fate, Sian is here treated too laconically. And if true history is "philosophy open at both ends," more effort should have been made to describe the living synthesis achieved between party measures and policies and the impulses, yearnings, and intellectual and physical needs which stoked the fires of the Chinese revolution. For the most part China's hundreds of millions, their agonies and passions, the moral and religious appeal of communism as a solution to problems of individual salvation in Asia, here remain mere inanimate background.

Finally, heavier credit might have been given to the vital collaboration of Japanese imperialism in the rise and triumph of Chinese communism. Indeed, the lesson perhaps most to be pondered in any serious "analysis and comprehension" of Communist success is that it was not Russian aid but manifestly Japan's war of conquest—initially launched as a crusade to "eradicate communism in Asia"—which provided the indispensable conditions of Red victory. By 1945 the Communists already controlled the winning combination of pawns and pieces. Subsequent play merely confirmed the internal logic of the board.

A Tribute to Ghosts

THE HILL OF DEVI. By E. M. Forster, Harcourt, Brace and Company. $4.

By Santha Rama Rau

E. M. FORSTER, after a long silence, has made an eagerly awaited reappearance with "The Hill of Devi." This is not a novel, nor a critical study of writing, nor a series of essays on the state of the world—though it has elusive elements of all three. It is an emendated, glossed, and enlarged diary of the author's first months in India (1912-13) and of India revisited in 1921, interspersed with letters to relatives and friends and some of their replies. In essence, however, "The Hill of Devi" is a sketch book for "A Passage to India," which in my fervent opinion is the most discerning book ever written about India by a foreigner and among the greatest novels I have ever read.

In a way it is sad to read the letters of a young man after having read the distillation of all his youthful years in the 1924 novel. After that autumnal maturity, it is something of a shock to have a spring song. Even the considerable amount of commentary, explanation, and interpretation which Mr. Forster has added to his original notes and letters does not quite make up for a kind of callowness—the last thing in the world that one expects from his writing and opinions. Probably it is unfair to feel this way about material that was not, admittedly, intended for publication. In fact, Mr. Forster himself apologized for the tone of the letters, for the fact that he was "too prone to turn remote and rare matters into suburban jokes," He has, he says, edited out a good deal of "How I wish you all were here!" and "Aren't Indians quaint!" It is a good thing that he did. But instead we are apt to get, in my opinion, "Goodness, will I *ever* understand Indians!"—and *this is nonsense, because, of course,* Mr. Forster did understand them, as he later proved, emotionally and in the broad composition even if the detail was sometimes baffling.

THE BOOK starts off badly with the pervasive note of the Britisher in India criticizing Indians for not having his "taste," deploring the muddles, the inefficiencies, the unpunctuality—how is an Indian to explain to a newcomer that time and what constitutes smooth running have different meanings in different countries? Still, the thing that ruffles the reader is not Mr. Forster but the tragedy of his time and place and birth. Mr. Forster has too clear an eye to see the absurdities and too honest a mind not to record them.

It is just before his second visit to India, when he returned as private secretary to the Maharajah of Dewas, that the book suddenly takes on stature. The brilliant Forster writing emerges. There is a hilarious account of an outing in Delhi, the surrealistic confusion of getting to a station and into a train the Maharajah and his diverse retainers and friends, with their luggage and bundles, all hampered by conflicting notions of courtesy. There is an infinitely moving account of the "catastrophe" in Dewas, of the retirement and final destruction of the Maharajah. Best of all is the portrait of the Maharajah himself, whom Mr. Forster loved and admired, whose jokes sometimes puzzled him, whose kindness and manners always delighted him, whose administration was his despair, whose philosophy and religion he never understood. Like all Mr. Forster's writing, which is composed of the undramatic, the suggested, the never-quite-completed climax, "The Hill of Devi" concerns itself with a minor prince in a minor situation, and the moment in history—though a major one to Mr. Forster and one that almost becomes, in his hands, major in a wider sense—is negligible. But "The Hill of Devi" is a book of sentiment. It is written really as a ghostly memory of people who are now dead or in changed positions and to whom Mr. Forster was deeply attached. As a tribute to ghosts, the book is remarkable and evocative, and as the raw material of a great novelist it is of enormous interest.

SANTHA RAMA RAU is the author of "Home to India" and "East of Home." She is now living and writing in New York.

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Diogenes Redivivus

BOSWELL ON THE GRAND TOUR. Edited by Frederick A. Pottle. McGraw-Hill Book Company. $5.

By Carlos Baker

JUST the year before Laurence Sterne took that sentimental journey through France and Italy which resulted in his famous picaresque novel, one of his countrymen made a similar grand tour through Germany and Switzerland. Sterne was fifty-two, Boswell twenty-four. Sterne's fiction was at least twice as strange as truth. Boswell's truth seems at least as diverting as Sterne's fiction. What's more, one can depend on Boswell to report all and invent nothing. He is one of the ablest eyewitnesses the world has ever known. He may indulge his sentiments, but he never lets them becloud the sharp, shrewd, lynx-eyed directness with which he examines his subjects. "Never," he wrote in a friend's autograph album, "has a foreigner relished his travels more than I. I travel as a philosopher. I am not so rude as Diogenes, but I am, like him, in search of men."

Seek, and ye shall find. Knock, and it shall be opened unto you. Boswell has a quality—call it perseverance, sincerity, social aplomb, or pure gall—which enables him to prove the Biblical maxim without perverting it. In the pursuit of men and of truth—and incidentally of happiness—he bumped over corduroy roads in public conveyances, ate in ordinaries or palaces, shivered on straw pallets or sweated in featherbeds. It was all one to him if he reached his goal. He wrote letters, pulled wires, polished apples, and occasionally placed a judicious bribe. The ladies of the house were soon his fast friends. The result was that when Boswell reached the point of knocking on the doors of the great, they magically opened, and the Baron of Auchinleck delightedly found himself in the presence of the mighty. As he had won the friendship of Dr. Samuel Johnson in the memorable year of 1763, so in 1764 he added Rousseau, Voltaire, and a baker's dozen of German princelings to his stable of admirers. The heaviest regret of his tour was that, though he sported a Scottish cap and promenaded conspicuously on the Prussian parade ground of Frederick the Great, he was unable, for all his pains, to make the conqueror's "air of iron confidence" relax into a friendly greeting.

If Boswell was primarily aprowl for the great, he could often settle for something less. His fugitive amours included a seller of chocolate whose soldier husband was stationed in another town, a buxom laundress, and several Dresden dolls who ungratefully picked his pockets. In fact, his natural affinity for women is such that he is scarcely less continent on the Continent than during his free-wheeling sojourn in London the year before. Still, he enjoys good food and natural scenery with equal gusto, hunting stags to hound and horn, passionately praising the romantic terrain through which he passes, dining upon venison and currant jelly, swilling Rhenish wine, or composing some indifferent couplets on the etymology of the word pumpernickel, a bread whose coarseness pleased his Scottish palate.

BECAUSE HE gets around so rapidly and at so many levels, Boswell's narrative throws much light on the social history of the time. For true Boswellians this book is equally welcome as a crucial instalment in Professor Pottle's developing portrait of the artist as a young man. The diarist stands now on the edge of full maturity. Still afflicted, as he was in Holland, with a Werther-like *Weltschmerz,* he describes himself variously as gloomy, splenetic, hipped, flattened, bored, and vaporish. Sometimes a mere matter of diet and exercise, it verges often on a malaise of the spirit, a consciousness of the conflicting claims of the old religion and the new science. Like *Angst* in 1939, the soul-sickness has, Boswell discovers, a pan-European aspect. It is one of the preludes to the coming age of revolutions. Yet so far as it concerns Boswell personally, he is ready to take arms against it. Always a meliorist with himself as subject, he is never so happy as when he is resolving to reform. Now in 1764 he has reached the point of feeling that he had better

CARLOS BAKER is chairman of the Department of English at Princeton University.

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stop imitating his betters and concentrate on the betterment of Boswell. He still reverts in his imagination to the massive figure of Samuel Johnson, exemplar of Christian stoicism and model of English greatness. Yet Boswell, he reflects, is still Boswell, a special complexus who deserves unremitting attention. "Why not?" he asks himself. "I am in reality an original character. Let me moderate and cultivate my originality.... Let me then be Boswell and render him as fine a fellow as possible."

His journal, which enabled him to review quite candidly his manners, morals, and motives, was one great means to that end of self-reform. "Pen and ink ever amuse me," he once asserted. And it was true. It is also true that he does not continuously succeed in amusing us. Readers who do not readily succumb to his bouncy charm may find the German chapters somewhat diffuse if never wholly dull. It is otherwise with the Swiss adventure. Place Boswell in a room vis-à-vis the genuinely great and one can count on a high-comedy situation. His gifts as conversational catalyst raise the encounters with Rousseau at Motiers and with Voltaire at Ferney close to the level of pricelessness. "Good-bye," said Rousseau as their interviews closed. "You are a fine fellow." "You have shown me great goodness," answered Boswell. "But I deserved it." Maybe. Maybe. But Boswell deserves the thanks of posterity for having gone away from there and written it all down.

Poets of the Inner Landscape

COLLECTED POEMS. By Conrad Aiken. Oxford University Press. $10.50.

THE WAKING, POEMS 1933-1953. By Theodore Roethke. Doubleday and Company. $3.

POEMS 1940-1953. By Karl Shapiro. Random House. $3.

By John Ciardi

RECENT poetry lists have turned up almost no new names but have been marked by some distinguished new work by established poets and by a number of volumes of collected and selected poems. The three most distinguished recapitulations of the current list are led off in point of seniority by Conrad Aiken's mammoth "Collected Poems" (862 pages of poems and 21 of notes).

No one who has written as much as Aiken has could hope always to write well, and the present volume, designed to trace the emergence and development of a style rather than to present the poet's best, is often slow reading; but it is worth it. It is good to have Aiken available at last in a single comprehensive volume and to be able to turn from stage to stage of his growth without having to chase to the library. What emerges from both the labor and the pleasure of the reading is a style, and the style is the man.

Aiken has sought his style in many directions, his experiments ranging from the diffuse allusiveness of Senlin to the archaic slam-bang theatrics of John Deth. Through every change, however, his devotion has been to the idea of the symphonic tone-poem, to a dissolving watery music, to a rain-swept and fog-abstracted landscape of the psyche. He has sought, in his own phrase, an "absolute poetry."

The weakness of that poetry seems to have centered from the beginning in its excess of melody and in the indefiniteness of the tone. The music seems too often to dissolve before it arrives at its own conclusion. The effect becomes not dream but sleep.

No reader, however, who will accept Aiken's pace will go long unrewarded. Even in the mistiest poem one will come on clearings that seem to shine like life itself, and it may well be that the tremendous luster of Aiken's high moments could only be arrived at through the surrounding mists. There is not much of the "real world"—whatever that is—in Aiken, but certainly one is persuaded that he has found a music for everything that dreams do.

Theodore Roethke is also a poet of the inner landscape, but if Aiken is the musician of the psyche Roethke is its medicine man. Where Aiken muses over the keyboard, Roethke dances to tom-toms. Where Aiken seeks the inner self by allusion, Roethke finds his emotional equivalents in the physical impact of things.

Roethke's is the poetry of therapy; it dances its way from madness (symbolized by the wet riot of vegetable roots and the grossness of the flesh) to a reflective calm (winter and distance). It is the richness and variety of Roethke's rhythm together with the shock and clarity of his broken phrases that persuades. Roethke slams into his dance, arms in air and ranting like a sibyl. His style seems most nearly founded on Christopher Smart, Blake, the Elizabethan rant, and the backwoods brag, all scattering free, but always with a sense of breaking through a tremendous formal control. Roethke's strength is that he never talks about his subject matter but enters and performs it. The best measure of his achievement is that there are now a subject, a rhythm, and a kind of perception that are specifically Roethkean.

KARL SHAPIRO shares some areas of preoccupation with Roethke, particularly a recurring fascination for a kind of Hieronymus Bosch detail, but where Roethke is Dionysian, Shapiro is Apollonian. Shapiro's success is in the handling of the fact and prose of the observation; the poetry is in the precision and formality. The particular flavor of Shapiro's poetry lies most centrally in the seeming incongruity between his almost neo-classical handling of the formal elements of the poem and his Baudelairean dealing with subjects and perceptions.

When the carefully managed surface of a Shapiro poem cracks—as it does, for example, in the overwrought fifth stanza of The Fly, where one would gather from the treatment that attacking a fly with a fly swatter is a task on about the scale of fighting off an angry mastiff—at such times the whole poem seems to shatter. One can salvage brilliant fragments, as, for example, the image of the fly climbing "with the fine leg of a Duncan-Phyfe," but the total performance of such poems seems more nearly affected than achieved. Affectation, however, may be the price of

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JOHN CIARDI, author of several books of verse, the latest being "From Time to Time," will regularly review poetry for The Nation. *He is lecturer in creative writing at Rutgers University.*

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manner. It is the success that counts, and Shapiro's successes are among the best rewards of modern poetry.

The present volume contains eighteen new poems, including the superbly wrought Adam and Eve series. It is good to have the new poems confirm Shapiro's growth in insight and assurance. The reader will require a good deal of cross reference, however, to trace that growth in the present volume, for the Essay on Rime—indispensable to a real awareness of Shapiro's development—is missing, and the poems retained from his other volumes have been arranged alphabetically rather than chronologically, that arrangement serving to emphasize Shapiro's insistence that the poem is a poem and not a link in a stylistic chain.

Madeleine in London

MADELEINE GROWN-UP. The Autobiography of a French Girl. By Mrs. Robert Henrey. Dutton. $4.

By Albert Guerard

Boy and girl meet, kiss, and marry. Complications: the girl is offered, and declines, a chance in Hollywood; consumption threatens; the boy's father, a clergyman, views the marriage with disfavor. All this is as hackneyed as a novelette in an illustrated weekly. But we know our little Madeleine through and through,* and her transparency reveals no sign of the commonplace. Her harsh and somber girlhood in Paris had failed to crush her zest for life. Her experience in London is a fairy tale: she meets it with the same indomitable self-confidence. She has youth, skill, beauty, gaiety: if Prince Charming comes along, she will recognize him as real, even as she is real. No illusion and no cynicism. French realism—"*C'est la vie!*"—may be disenchanted, but it is capable of admitting the reality of enchantment.

Madeleine is now a manicurist at the Savoy in London. Her life is divided between squalor and splendor. There is the one-room flat (no running water) where she and her mother sleep, cook, sew, and entertain their friends; and there is the fabulous hostelry between Strand and Thames, pediculous with Maharajahs, Russian generals, Viennese counts, Midwestern tycoons, and Hollywood producers, from whom five-pound blessings flow. Madeleine feels miraculously at home in both worlds. Her innocence is clear-eyed; she knows for whom her mother is cutting such seductive gowns and lingerie. She accepts the philosophy of which these queens of the night are the most logical exponents—to get and to give pleasure. The chief duty of woman is to captivate man; and the key to such conquest is not to serve or feed the brute but to charm him. Yet there is nothing meretricious about Madeleine's desire to please. She wants to fulfil her function in life honestly and proudly. She is as far removed from Lorelei, the Blonde Preferred, as she is from the grim Puritan. She believes, and makes us believe, that pleasure pure and simple can be simple and pure.

The idyl in "Madeleine Grown-Up" is as direct, as unsophisticated as one could dream—Daphnis and Chloe in the Strand. It is totally unspoilt by philosophy, religion, or sociology: Madeleine meets the page, the porter, the kept woman, and the tycoon as human beings. The background is faultlessly realistic: Soho, the Savoy, a French sanatorium; but again, realism is not satire. Her London in all its moods is even more convincing than her Paris. But this is by far the gayer book, although it ends boldly on a melancholy note.

Essential purity with a background of garishness: Colette has repeatedly achieved that daring contrast. There is a Gigi quality about Madeleine, and Audrey Hepburn could admirably play the part. But there was a Willy in Colette's life; neither fresh air nor perfume could obliterate his memory. Madeleine was spared that experience. This is a girlish book: and next to fox terriers, girls are the most attractive pets that mankind has evolved.

*"The Little Madeleine" was reviewed by Mr. Guerard in *The Nation* of January 1, 1953.

ALBERT GUERARD is the author of The France of Tomorrow," "France, a Short History," and other books.

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Chinese Thought and Idiom

A HISTORY OF CHINESE PHILOSOPHY. Volume I, The Period of the Philosophers; Volume II, The Period of Classical Learning. By Fung Yu-lan. Translated by Derk Bodde. Princeton University Press. $6 and $7.50.

By Kenneth Rexroth

IN THE last few years, to the best of my knowledge, three books on Chinese philosophy by Fung Yu-lan have appeared. The first volume of this "History" was originally published by Veitch in Peking shortly before the change in regime, and a few copies got out to the West. The others are "The Spirit of Chinese Philosophy" and "A Short History of Chinese Philosophy," translated by E. R. Hughes and Derk Bodde respectively. Now these are very impressive auspices.

Mr. Hughes and Mr. Bodde are among the top Sinologists of the present day, and both are specialists, of somewhat different points of view, in Chinese philosophy. Both are excellent translators. They have really carried across the special processes of Chinese thought without producing pidgin English. This is a very difficult trick to turn. Since Chinese philosophical speculation depends on the exact idiom of the thought, it is impossible to stress too heavily the idiom's importance. We are inclined to forget that Aristotle's logical treatises are really only a toccata and fugue on the themes of Greek grammar.

Chinese thought is even more closely dependent on its structure, its syntax. For this reason, together with many other merits, the pseudo-biblical language of the nineteenth-century translations of the Chinese classics, for instance those of Legge, translates not just the words or meanings but the very substance of Chinese thought into Western European meanings. As they say, it is a different universe of discourse.

To my mind it is this fidelity to the idiom which is the best thing about Derk Bodde's translation. Many people won't like it. I must admit it sounds a little like Miss Stein. Sometimes a whole page of close speculation about some problem of ethics or epistemology will go by. At the end you say, "Eh? What was that?" Nothing has been communicated. You have to go back and start over and proceed with care. Then, slowly it comes across, and what comes across is, if you don't know Chinese, a new way of looking at things.

SO MUCH for his translators. Now for Dr. Fung himself. I do not share the current enthusiasm for Dr. Fung. I don't agree with his philosophy. That doesn't matter; I don't agree with Plato's or St. Thomas's either, although I find them very entertaining reading. All Dr. Fung's works are built on the same principles. They purport to trace through Chinese philosophy a sort of master tendency, culminating in Dr. Fung.

This leads to serious misrepresentation. Dr. Fung's philosophy is a special kind of neo-Confucianism, brought very much up to date and merged with the universe of discourse which is the contemporary battleground of social theory and practice, as well as what someone called "the long epistemological debauch of modern philosophy." This is fine. I have no objection to the enrichment of the philosophy of either side in China and Formosa, or the Third Force in Hongkong, by the revaluation of the riches of Chinese tradition. The attempt to shape up a new theory of the relation of the one and the many in terms of social responsibility is very commendable. Western thinkers in this field could certainly read Dr. Fung with profit. But the documents of Taoism, the Lao Tse Book, the Chuang Tse Book, the Lieh Tse Book are not concerned with these problems. Neither are the Inner Light philosophers of Ch'an (Zen) Buddhism, nor the cosmologists of Tantric and Syncretic Buddhism, and certainly the Neo-Taoists are far from such interests.

The history of Chinese philosophy can be interpreted as a monolinear development only by doing violence to the facts, to the plain words, translated however you will, of the texts. Furthermore, Dr. Fung is, to put it mildly, a conservative in regard to the documents. He accepts the attributions of tradition pretty much at their face value. You would never guess from his "History of Chinese Philosophy" that the authenticity of attribution, the admixture of later material, the very nature and meaning of some books, such as the Shi Ching, the I Ching, and the Tao Te Ching, have been questioned continuously almost since their first appearance in history.

Many, perhaps most of the authorities, for instance, believe that the Tao Te Ching is a kind of psalter, a collection of mystical apothegms collected from all sorts of sources, some possibly Indian, and designed to be chanted in a community of monks. Again, it is obvious to anyone not committed to their Confucian interpretation, that the poems of the Shi Ching are a collection of folksongs and that many are erotic songs ultimately connected with group marriage rituals of the kind that still prevail amongst the aborigines of southwest China. The best parallel in our own tradition is the Song of Songs—a similar anthology. And so on. There are literally hundreds of questions like this, all of which should be taken into account, to deny them if nothing more, in any history of Chinese philosophy.

When Dr. Fung is dealing with material with a clearer historical pedigree, he is considerably better. One reason may be that the later philosophers of the Chinese classical period, Mohists, Legalists, the early Neo-Confucians are more interested in the questions which interest him. The speculations deal primarily with morality, ethics, society, the relations among men of the one and the many. For this reason he is best of all in the second volume, when he outlines the growth of systematic and religious neo-Confucianism in the centuries of the Christian era.

One thing he never does—and this is the approach we need most—he never considers Chinese philosophy with the objectivity of the ethnologist. After all, that is precisely what Confucius himself was, a kind of applied anthropologist who attempted to erect a comprehensive personal and social philosophy on the careful study of folkways.

I cannot recommend Dr. Fung as a guide to the uninitiated. If you want to learn about Chinese philosophy and know nothing about it, a collection wit

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KENNETH REXROTH, author of many books of poetry, will bring out "100 Japanese Poems" next spring and "100 Chinese Poems," in the following fall.

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no scholarly pretensions like Lin Yu-tang's "Wisdom of the East" or a good handbook of selections like Dr. Hughes's "Chinese Classical Philosophy" is much to be preferred.

Best of all perhaps is Fr. Wieger's "History of the Philosophical Beliefs and Religious Opinions of China." Fr. Wieger is a Jesuit, and the ingenuousness of Chinese philosophy strikes him as triviality. He does not think much of anybody except Chuang Tse, but he conscientiously retails it all—in even-handed detail—so that his colleagues will be equipped, as they were in the eighteenth century, to deal with the Chinese literati as equals. Nothing could be less like Dr. Fung, who is *always* partisan.

This does not mean that he is not immensely stimulating, even illuminating, to those who do know the controversial character of his statements. Of course, if you don't care whether Lao Tse ever existed, or whether Mencius was really a sort of crypto-Yogi, and just want an introduction to a contemporary Chinese philosopher rather than a careful history of Chinese philosophy, Dr. Fung is very good indeed. As a matter of fact, he is all there is available in English.

Thriller into Art

THE DOCTOR AND THE DEVILS. By Dylan Thomas. New Directions. $2.50.

By Jacob Korg

ALTHOUGH a movie script is perhaps not the most obvious thing to be expected from Mr. Thomas, he deals squarely in this scenario with the dramatic realism demanded of the film, putting aside the verbal virtuosity that distinguishes his poetry. The story is based on a celebrated criminal case of nineteenth-century Edinburgh. Its hero, a brilliant professor of anatomy named Dr. Rock, who is a humanitarian as well as a devoted scientist, blames society both for the terrible poverty which exists in the city and for the shortsighted law which forces him to buy corpses for his demonstrations from grave-robbers. Unknown to Rock, two of his body-snatchers begin to obtain their corpses by killing poor old beggars who stay at their decrepit lodging-house. When the crimes are discovered, Rock is exonerated, but the people of the city, thinking he is responsible, burn him in effigy, and at the end Rock comes to feel they were right.

Mr. Thomas has fashioned this lurid thriller material into a dignified and significant work of art without sacrificing any of its raw excitement. As his shooting directions dwell on the violent life and cluttered squalor of the slums, describing everything in language as suggestively matter-of-fact as photography itself, a subtle moral lesson unobtrusively takes shape. The hideous poverty of "Rag-and-Bone Alley," as Rock declares, is the result of a social crime, and the same crime has driven the murderers' starving victims into a kind of life that is next door to death. All the murderers do is open the door; their crimes are only small reflections of the greater one. Dr. Rock learns to feel guilty of the murders, even though he did not know they were being committed. In the same way an indifferent society may be responsible for evil conditions of which it is entirely unaware.

Mr. Thomas's scenario suggests that the film script may have excellent possibilities as reading matter. In a literary form where everything must be visible or audible the author must supply his reader with vivid experiences, not with explanations of what he means to say. In addition, there is more resemblance between Mr. Thomas's old medium of poetry and his new one than might at first be supposed, for movies, while essentially dramatic, are fluid and hypnotic enough to lend themselves to the poetic method of expressing ideas by means of images in suggestive combinations.

"The Doctor and the Devils" should be an unusual movie when it is released next year. As a note added to the script says, movies undergo many changes while they are being produced, and it will be interesting to compare Mr. Thomas's original with the final result.

JACOB KORG is a member of the English Department of the City College of New York.

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Scholarly and Readable

THE PELICAN HISTORY OF ART. Edited by Nikolaus Pevsner. Volume I, Painting in Britain, 1530 to 1790. By Ellis K. Waterhouse. Volume II, The Art and Architecture of India. By Benjamin Rowland. Penguin Books. $8.50 each.

By S. Lane Faison, Jr.

THE only existing complete surveys of the history of art are both some fifty years old, and neither is in the English language. The usefulness of the present project is indicated by these simple statements of fact. Its quality is assured by the choice of Nikolaus Pevsner as editor, who can be counted upon to select the most productive minds from the ranks of art historians and to bring their labors into general coherence. The forty-eight volumes projected, each the work of a single author, are scheduled to appear at the rate of four a year and will probably become the fundamental work on art history in the English language, or for that matter in any other language. Scholarship has made such extraordinary advances in the past two generations that the older histories, excellent as they were, are valuable today mainly as an indication of what was known when they were written.

The present two volumes, on British painting and the arts in India, belong of course to totally different series. There is little point in considering them together except as they unfold the general plan. The text of each runs to about 275 pages, including selective bibliography and index. Each contains nearly 200 pages of half-tone cuts of good quality, about half of them full page in size. Text and illustrations are closely coordinated. The text is both scholarly and readable; a nice balance has been struck between the encyclopedic compendium and the book of ideas.

Perhaps the most surprising aspect of British painting is how much about it is still unknown. Mr. Waterhouse has interlined his impressive documentation with frequent indications of areas which it would be valuable for future scholars to explore. Until he reaches the eighteenth century he rightly feels that research is more imperative than criticism. Arriving at last at Hogarth, Ramsay, Reynolds, and Gainsborough, he takes full advantage of the opportunity to indulge his own literary and critical gifts. Of Hogarth, for example, he says, "We can see how much of the Goldsmith in [him] was lost in his public parade of the Fielding element in his character." Of the two great rivals in later Georgian portraiture: "Where Reynolds's figures are all fee-fi-fo-fum, standing solidly planted in English parks, Gainsborough's are sometimes almost wraiths, exhalations of the autumn foliage." If the reader finds few such passages in the earlier chapters, it is because so much of Tudor and Stuart painting is clouded in mystery. The book begins with post-medieval England; and in painting that means the arrival of Holbein, the German-born artist from Basel. It ends around the year 1790, when Gainsborough had just died, Reynolds had gone blind, and Lawrence and Blake—who diverged so differently from the High Georgian age in which they were born—were just emerging.

That the entire civilization of India receives no more space than 250 years of painting in Britain has two justifications—the cultural orientation of most of the readers of the Pelican history, and the relative youth of Indian archaeology. Indeed, Professor Rowland begins by quoting a British professor of 1864 on Indian sculpture: "It affords no assistance in tracing the history of art, and its debased quality deprives it of all interest as a phase of fine art." From the mass of information and beauty unearthed since that time, some of it by the author himself, Mr. Rowland has fashioned an expert and powerfully outlined synthesis. He is a scholar who can write.

S. LANE FAISON, JR., The Nation's *art critic, is chairman of the Department of Art at Williams College.*

A review by John W. Aldridge of James T. Farrell's "The Face of Time," announced for this issue, has been postponed. It will appear on November 28.

Records

B. H. Haggin

BERLIOZ provided another overwhelming experience recently, this time with music I hadn't heard before. The beautiful songs "L'Absence" and "Le Spectre de la rose" that I had known from Maggie Teyte's record are part of a set called "Nuits d'été," which was recorded a few years ago for London by Suzanne Danco with the Cincinnati Symphony under Thor Johnson. The record wasn't sent to me for review; and I also missed Eleanor Steber's performance with the New York Philharmonic under Mitropoulos last spring; but recently a friend played a tape recording of the broadcast of that performance, which enabled me to hear for the first time two songs—"Sur les lagunes" and "Au cimetière"—that are among the most wonderful manifestations of Berlioz's powers.

In "Sur les lagunes" Berlioz uses a favorite procedure—the repetition at intervals of an unchanged figure that sounds different each time in the new context of the developing musical thought. One of the great examples is the Offertorium of the Requiem, in which the chorus sings its plaintive three-note figure at intervals during the increasingly elaborate and ever newly inventive fugal developments and expansive melodic episodes of the long orchestral movement; another is Juliet's Funeral Procession in "Romeo and Juliet," in which the chorus's plaintive *Jetez des fleurs!* on the repeated note E is heard similarly during the fugal development and melodic episode played by the orchestra, and then the fugal development and melodic episode are sung by the chorus with the plaintive E's heard at intervals from the violins. In "Sur les lagunes" it is the orchestra's somber three-note figure in the first measure that continues to punctuate the succession of wonderful vocal phrases which pivot on wonderful shifts of harmony; but it is from the voice that

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we hear the figure the last time at the end.

"Au cimetière" offers not only the exquisite vocal melody that deploys itself with intricate rhythmic irregularity over the bar-lines, but the exciting activity of the orchestra in which we hear the Berlioz mind constantly in operation. In the opening section that activity is the occasional plucked bass notes which add to the rhythmic irregularity; in the new section beginning with *On dirait que l'âme éveillée* the voice's repeated A's are punctuated by the woodwind's poignant two-note chromatic figure, which is made suddenly exciting by its increased animation and the plucked bass notes; at the climax of this section a moment later there are brilliant flourishes by the woodwinds, then their poignant two-note figure is heard again, with the violins adding gleaming harmonics, as the voice continues toward the pause for the return of the opening section; and this now is made overwhelming by a poignant descending figure of the muted violins and violas.

Unfortunately this figure, like some other orchestral details, is not clearly audible in the London performance, partly as a result of Danco's being placed too close to the microphone; and another consequence is that her lovely voice sounds unlovely in loud passages. In addition Johnson's conducting produces nothing more than a statement of the notes. One hopes therefore that Columbia recorded the superb Steber-Mitropoulos performance; but meanwhile the London record is something to acquire for the music and the singing.

RCA Victor's recording of the entire "Romeo and Juliet" of Berlioz makes the vocal portions of the work available on records for the first time. Unfortunately tradition appears to require the chorus in a Boston Symphony performance to be made up of the Harvard Glee Club and Radcliffe Choral Society, with the result that in the choral Prologue we hear rough-toned and crudely four-square singing of music which Berlioz directs shall have the character of recitative, and in Juliet's Funeral Procession we hear not the plaintive *Jetez—des fleurs!* that is marked *pp* in the score but an aggressively accented JE—TEZ—DES FLEURS! In addition Margaret Roggero's tremulous contralto voice is damaging to the Stanzas that follow the Prologue. But the exquisite Scherzetto is sung well by Leslie Chabay.

Munch isn't responsible for the poor voices of the chorus, but he is responsible for the way it sings; and he also is responsible for the numerous details that reveal a lack of the sense for the right tempo, the sense for the right measure and proportion in change of tempo, change of sonority, and inflection of phrase that makes for continuity and coherence in the progression. The Love Scene suffers most from this ineptitude; and one of the worst examples is provided by the *più animato* passage on p. 170 of the Eulenburg score, in which a brief statement is repeated in a crescendo to a climax, and Munch each time accelerates the beginning of the statement only to slow down almost immediately in crude expansive emphasis of its end, thus producing a series of awkward starts and stops instead of the continuous progression. Moreover, except for the "Queen Mab" of Part 4 one wouldn't recognize the sound which comes off the records as that of the Boston Symphony; and the "Queen Mab" indicates that elsewhere the recording only makes worse what wasn't good in Symphony Hall. It is the recording which gives us Romeo in the Vault of the Capulets without its concluding pizzicato A; but it is Munch who gives us the "Queen Mab" with an extra stroke the antique cymbal after the wonderful ostinato passage.

This recording too is therefore something to acquire only for the music that isn't available on other records, until Toscanini records his performance.

Haydn's Symphony No. 92 ("Oxford"), one of his greatest, and Mozart's G minor get characteristically placid performances by Krips with the London Symphony (London) in which the dynamically lively Haydn lacks animation and the impassioned G minor is unimpassioned. The orchestra is excellent.

One of Dvorak's most beautiful pieces, the "Carnival" Overture, played by the Linz Bruckner Symphony under Georg Jochum, is on a Urania record with the melodious but long and rambling Symphonic Suite from Dvorak's opera "The Jacobin," played by the Radio Berlin Symphony under Kurt Kretschmar, and the uninteresting Overture to Smetana's "Libussa," played by the same orchestra under Rother. Good performances.

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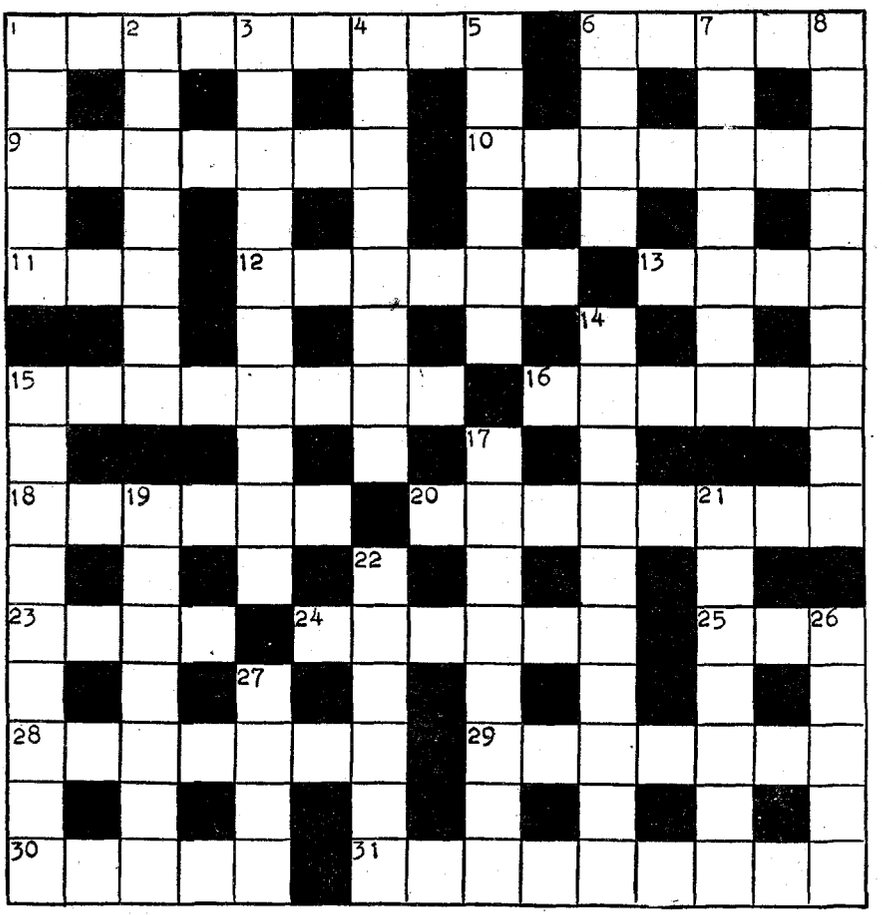

ACROSS

9 This between Seven and Thebes is just play. (7)
10 Detains, alternatively. (7)
11, 4, 30, 1 ac. and 6 ac. Did he give early morning dictation? (3, 8, 2, 3, 9, 5)
12 and 24. Are they associated with a crazy time? (6, 6)
13 This sort of 1 down doesn't sound very interesting. (4)
15 Compounded of a salt in a foreign product. (8)
16 He seems to have an equal look about him. (6)
18 Move tediously, as a monstrous thing? (6)
20 What women do with rats, for safety? (8)
23 In the corner of this puzzle. (4)
25 Take part of 19, without 13. (3)
28. An absorbing fellow? (7)
29 Dames in distress? (7)
31 The sign to take away a bad clue? It's not very significant. (10)

DOWN

1 This is unexcelled around a 13, for example. (5)
2 Puts a hard-finished coat on. (7)
3 Ruler of the Old South. (4, 6)
5 A man is proverbially made when this sounds enough like a sewer. (6)
6 26, but not a sort of trial. (4)
7 Bert's no different, even on the continent. (7)
8 Starts with the finish or looks at the end. (9)
14 What is projected should be studied by this. (10)
15 Slow, and a sort of one of your favorite magazines? (9)
17 He might punch 24, but shouldn't be expected to fix them. (8)
19 He is skilled in the construction of both automobile and ship. (7)
21 Anglo-French Waterman? Not exactly, but on top. (7)
22 Is painting a topsy-turvy racket of old? (6)
26 These buds don't bloom. (5)
27 Fit conclusion of 6 across. (4)

• ✠ •

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 540

ACROSS:—1 SIMPLES; 5 SKILLET; 10 NUT; 11 TUNIC; 15 ARDENT; 16 SOJOURN; 17 DOME; 21 FERRULE; 22 BIDE; 23 and 19 BACKWASH; 25 DEAD END; 29 DRIVEL; 35 NERVE; 36 RETINUE; 37 YODLERS.

DOWN:—1 and 4 SAFE AND SANE; 3 LUNGES; 5, 33, 8, 12 SET A THIEF TO CATCH A THIEF; 6 IN TURN; 7 LANCE; 13, 34 and 32 FOREVER AND A DAY; 14 CORRODE; 15, 9, and 27 A ROLAND FOR AN OLIVER; 18, 20, 2 and 31 MAD AS A MARCH HARE; 22 BLOTTER; 24 KILLERS; 25 DEAFEN; 26 DRONED; 28 IDIOT; 30 VERGE.

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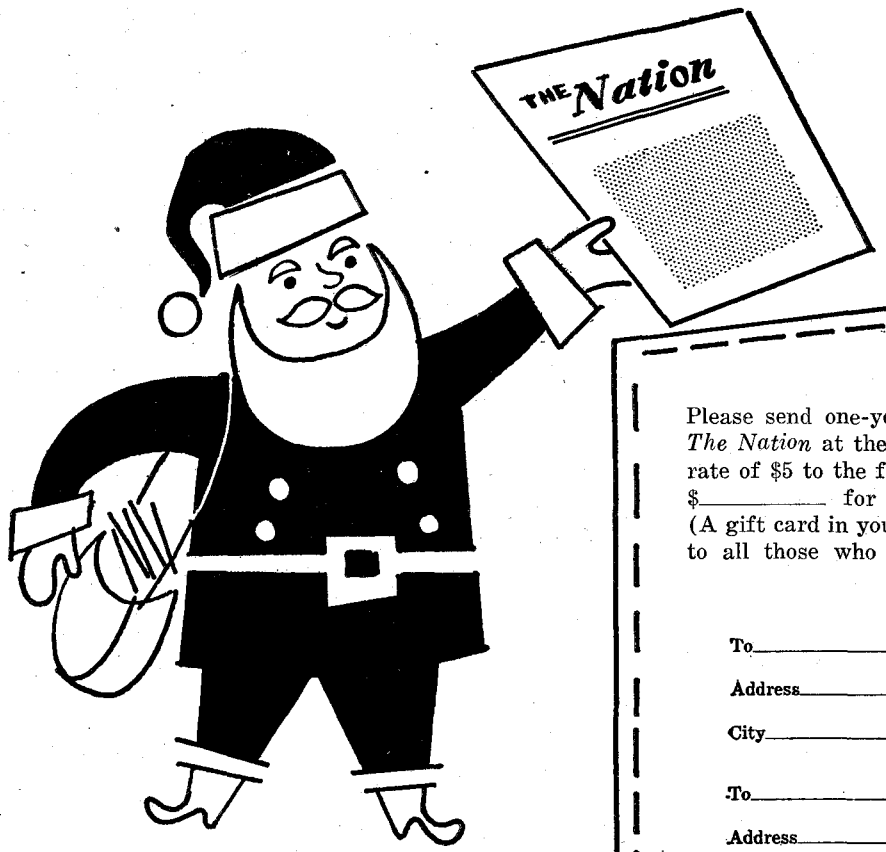

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